

THE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REGISTER.

---

No. 35.

AUGUST, 1806.

VOL. VI.

---

*FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.*

REMARKS ON THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, AND ARABIAN  
TALES IN GENERAL.

A QUESTION highly interesting to the progress of morals and the cause of truth, is the utility of that species of fiction which is supported by supernatural aid ; and, if it have been, or may hereafter be, useful, what ought to be its limits ? That fables or tales of this kind seize, hurry forward, and enrapture the undisciplined imagination of youth, there can be no doubt ; and that they therefore tend to awaken curiosity, which otherwise might continue dormant, is highly probable : but it is no less certain that they likewise have a tendency to accustom the mind rather to wonder than to inquire ; and to seek a solution of difficulties in occult causes, instead of seriously resorting to facts. The true answer to this difficult question seems to be, that in the progress of mind, ignorance will continually find cause to wonder ; and will therefore be incessantly impelled to utter its admiration, and to relate its wild conjec-

tures. To blame it for not being more enlightened, would perhaps be as absurd as to reproach an infant for not being able to demonstrate a theorem in Euclid. Such tales, consequently, must be written, and will be read. Between the moral utility, however, of fables built on the marvellous, and of those which originate in true pictures of life and manners, there can be no comparison. It is indeed so necessary to mingle resemblances of man as he really is, in every fabulous narrative, that the wildness of romance has only become attractive in consequence of this mixture. Accustomed as we are to consider the Arabians frequently as a wandering and wild, and but seldom as a schooled and scientific people, we receive such tales from them as the genuine produce of the partial advances which they have made in knowledge ; though, were they the works of Europeans, we should regard them as the indolent resources of

authors, who were either unwilling, or unable, to awaken attention and excite applause, by exhibiting accurate and well-contrasted characters of human beings.

A full century has now elapsed, since the collection of eastern tales, so well known among us by the title of *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, was first offered to the curiosity and admiration of Europe. The romances of knight-errantry had then lost that popularity which they held for ages, and had been ridiculed into disrepute. The rage for amusement had, indeed, called forth another species of fictitious writings; but a species which unhappily possessed neither the wild dignity of the romance, nor displayed that assemblage of the characters, manners, and incidents of familiar life, which confers a value on our best modern novels. Most of those compositions were vile effusions of prurient dullness, whose perfection consisted in detailing the intricacies, and unveiling the looser scenes of licentious intrigue. The wanton episodes of Ariosto, and the lewd, though witty tales of Boccace, were imitated, till the same school produced the low and almost insipid obscenities of a Behn, a Manley, and a Heywood. Such books were, however, calculated, almost exclusively, for the debauchee and the woman of pleasure: and something was therefore wanted for the entertainment of those, who chose to withdraw the mind occasionally from the realities of life, yet were unwilling to debase imagination, by turning it to dwell on the brutal grossness of sensual indulgence.

If those eastern tales were presented to the European public at a season which seems to have been peculiarly favourable for their reception, there was, however, still more in their character than in the circumstances of the time, to recommend them to that eager and general interest which they immediately commanded among all classes of readers. The style in which they were written, and the artifice by

which they were interwoven together, were, if not absolutely new, yet strange and uncommon. For although the stories in Ovid's books of *Metamorphoses* be connected by means which, at least in slightness and insufficiency for the purpose of compacting parts into a whole, bear some resemblance to the slender thread by which the narratives of the *Thousand and One Nights* are feebly and awkwardly held together; and although Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the multiplicity of broken adventures strangely jumbled together in the *Orlando Furioso*, and, almost equally, the half Gothic, half-classical fabric of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, betray a *truly oriental unskilfulness* in the art of arrangement: yet, with these works, the more passionate readers of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments* were, for the most part, little acquainted; and, where there was so much novelty in so many other respects, a small difference in structure was, by the effect of association, naturally increased greatly above its real magnitude.

The *manners and customs* exhibited in those tales were, at the same time, much more strange and singular than the artlessness of their connexion, or the tedious copiousness of narrative which distinguished them. Beauties, cooped up together by scores, or perhaps hundreds, in a haram, all for the amusement of one man, and he often indifferent, feeble, old, and fitter to repose in the grave or the hospital than to riot on the nuptial couch: festive entertainments, unenlivened by the sprightly gaieties of the fair sex, or the cheering influence of wine: wives wearing drawers and trousers like their husbands, and men arrayed in loose robes like their wives, yet at the same time cherishing, as so many goats, each a venerable length of beard: pastry-cooks making such a figure in society, as if the perfection of human art were displayed in the composition of a cream-tart or a pye: the art of writing esteemed, singly, a qualifi-



cation fitting those skilled in it for the most dignified offices in civil life, as if the smallest possible portion of intellect were not adequate to the formation of the letters in the alphabet, and the joining of these into words and lines: ablutions performed, many times a day, and, at every different time, as scrupulously as Swift's *Strephon* washed himself, when he was to mount the bed of his angel-Chloe: prayers repeated by all ranks, with serious devotion, almost as often in the day as our men of fashion call upon their Maker in contemptuous scorn, or in idle merriment: the code of religion almost as frequently and fondly quoted, as our professed wits introduced slyly into their conversation *fresh* repartees from Joe Miller, or *original* anecdotes from the Tell-tale: judicial astrology constituting the great rule of human life, and every man and woman, as surely as they come into the world, having their fortunes subjected to the capricious influence of this or that star: all these phenomena are so remote from the customs and manners of Europe, that, when exhibited as entering into the ordinary system of human affairs, they could not fail to confer, in our eyes, a considerable share of amusive novelty on the characters and events with which they are connected.

Yet it is probable that the *machinery* contributed, more than any other particular in their character, to obtain to the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, the preference over most of the other works of imagination which were common in Europe at the time of their first appearance. Magicians, genies, fairies, lamps, rings, and other talismans, dance in such profusion through those volumes, as could not but make the reader wonder and stare, who was acquainted only with witches mounted on broomsticks, and with little viewless elves, dancing occasionally by moon-light, in small circles on the green, or, in their greatest splendour and festivity, only lighting up, for their midnight re-

vels, the deserted hall of some ruinous castle.

It has been observed by Dr. Hawkesworth, that these tales please, because even their machinery, wild and wonderful as it is, has its laws, and the magicians and enchanters perform nothing but what was to be naturally expected from such beings, after we had once granted them existence, and dignified them with power. But I rather suppose that the very contrary is the truth of the fact. It is surely the strangeness, the unknown nature, the anomalous character of the supernatural agents here employed, that enables them to operate so powerfully on our hopes, fears, curiosity, sympathies, and, in short, on all the feelings of our hearts. We see men and women, who possess qualities to recommend them to our favour, subjected to the influence of beings whose good or ill will, power or weakness, attention or neglect, are regulated by motives and circumstances which we cannot comprehend; and hence we naturally tremble for their fate, with the same anxious concern, as we should for a friend wandering, in a dark night, amidst torrents and precipices, or preparing to land on a strange island, while he knew not whether he should be received, on the shore, by cannibals waiting to tear him piece-meal, and devour him, or by gentle beings, disposed to cherish him with fond hospitality.

Give the human agents you employ qualities to command good will and esteem; let their manners be natural, and their sentiments the genuine effusions of the human heart, in such circumstances as those they are placed in; and then, perhaps, the more singular their adventures, the wilder the scenes in which they are exposed, the more capricious the beings to whose power they are subjected, and the more seemingly inadequate the means by which all the changes in their fate are accomplished; so much the more irresistibly will they

engage, and transport, and chain down the attention, and sway the passions of the spectator or reader.

Beside the advantages which they seem to derive from the strangeness of their texture, and from the novelty and marvellous nature of the objects which they exhibit, those eastern tales possess great real merit of another kind. At times, amidst all their florid verbosity, like other oriental compositions, they afford pleasing descriptions of external nature. The strongest workings of the human heart are often displayed in them, with a masterly hand. Being a collection, they contain a medley of comic, tragic, and heroic adventures, the very number and variety of which must necessarily give them considerable power to please. And I know not if even the gold, jewels, pearls, rubies, emeralds, the bales of rich stuffs, and superb pellices, the crowded kans, luxurious gardens, and apartments *beyond description sumptuous*, which are so liberally lavished through those tales, and so ostentatiously described wherever they occur, have not insensibly a greater influence in dazzling and amusing the mind of the reader, than perhaps the pupil of taste will be willing to allow.—Such are the tales which I remember to have eagerly preferred, in the days of childish credulity, to the Seven Wonders of the World, the Adventures of Jack the Giant-killer, the Story of the Seven Wise Masters, and even to the History of the Nine Worthies; and such seem to be the more striking peculiarities in their character, by which they have pleased, and still continue to please, almost all ages, all ranks, and all different capacities.

Literary imposition has been frequently attempted with great success; and it was doubted by many, for some time after the publication of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, that, though represented as compositions of the east, they had been actually invented in Europe. Examples have not been wanting to justify this suspicion. It was usual among the classical scholars who

flourished about the æra of the revival of letters, to try their proficiency, by producing forgeries in the names of their favourite Greeks or Romans, with which they now and then actually deceived one another. It had been usual, too, among the sophists of antiquity, to compose declamations and epistles in the names of celebrated personages, the incidents of whose lives afforded them suitable materials: and it is well known what critical hardiness and acumen the doughty Bentley displayed, in detecting the forgery of the epistles of Phalaris. The letters of the Turkish Spy, the Castle of Otranto, the poems of Rowley, and perhaps of Ossian, not to name innumerable other works of the same cast, are proof that the literati of the present age have not lost either the spirit or the power of literary imposition. But the character of the Arabian tales is so truly oriental, they bear so many marks which no European hand could have impressed, and carry in them so much of that internal evidence which enforces conviction still more powerfully than the strongest external testimony, that one could hardly have thought it possible for men of learning to remain long in doubt about their authenticity, had not a writer no less eminent than Dr. Beattie expressed himself uncertain whether they were translated or invented by M. Galland. However, the doctor's doubts were probably soon removed; for, besides the king of France's library, in which the originals have been long deposited, the authenticity of these tales has been fully proved by colonel Capper; and an Arabic copy of them is now in the hands of the learned Dr. White, of Oxford. It was once even said, that the British public might sooner or later be favoured with a translation of them from the original language by the doctor's pen; in which they would display more of a genuine oriental cast, and retain more of their native graces, than in the version of Galland; who, as is common with his countrymen on similar occasions, has given too



much of a French air to eastern manners and modes of address.

A supplement to the old Arabian Nights was published about fifteen years ago in French, and translated into English by Heron, of which the genuineness has been likewise doubted; but their authenticity is easily established. The originals are well known to be in the king of France's library, as is affirmed by the French editors. However, the greater evidence of the authenticity of these, as of the former tales, is internal. The scenery, characters, incidents, manners, customs, allusions, and cast of composition, are all oriental. As a painter may sketch the outline, and hit the leading features of a countenance, while he fails in the nicer touches, and cannot communicate that characteristic air which gives unity and resemblance to the whole; so, in all the imitations of the oriental style of writing, which we have yet seen, there has still been somewhat of a European complexion: the prominences and great outlines have been successfully imitated; but the delicate finishing, the due proportion of lights and shades, justly intermingled, have still been wanting to complete the deception. It is indeed from minute and accidental particulars, which to a forger or imitator will not naturally appear of sufficient consequence to be attended to, that the genuineness of any composition is best ascertained. From such particulars have the best proofs of the authority of the gospels been drawn. And the circumstance of an unconnected memorandum having been written across one of the celebrated letters of queen Mary, has ever appeared an irrefragable proof of the authenticity, at least, of that letter.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE SEASONS AT PETERSBURG.

ACCORDING to the calculation of the academician Krafft, St. Pe-

tersburg, on an average of ten years, has annually 97 bright days, 104 of rain, 72 of snow, and 93 unsettled. There are every year from twelve to sixty-seven storms; which sometimes, when they proceed from the west, occasion inundations. From an experience of more than sixty years, the ice of the Neva never breaks up before the 25th of March, and never later than the 27th of April; the earliest time of its freezing is the 20th of October, and the latest the 1st of December. Since the year 1741, the great degree of heat has been 27, and the greatest degree of cold 33, by Reaumur's thermometer.

We see, from this survey, how few days in the year can be enjoyed out of doors in these climates, and how limited are the pleasures of our summer. The winter is our best season, and possesses great advantages over his wet and foggy brethren in more southern countries. An equal permanent cold strengthens and recruits the body. The excellent sledge-roads render travelling commodious and agreeable; a winter journey in a moderate frost on moonlight nights is an enjoyment only to be known in these climes. The Russians, accustomed to hardships, seems to revive at the entrance of winter; and even foreigners are here more insensible to cold than in their native country. However, it must be confessed that none know better how to defend themselves against its effects than the people here. On the approach of winter the double windows are put up in all the houses, having the joints and interstices caulked and neatly pasted with the border of the paper with which the room is hung. This precaution not only protects against cold and wind, but secures a free prospect even in the depth of winter, as the panes of glass are thus never incrustated with ice. The outer doors and frequently the floors under the carpets are covered with felt. Our stoves, which, from their size and construction, consume indeed a great quantity of wood, produce a tem-

perature in the most spacious apartments and public halls which annihilates all thoughts of winter.

On leaving the room we arm ourselves still more seriously against the severity of the cold. Caps, furs, boots lined with flannel, and a muff, make up the winter dress. It is diverting to see the colossal cases in the antichamber, out of which in a few minutes the most elegant beaux are unfolded. The common Russian cares only about warm wrappers for his legs and feet. Provided with a plain sheepskin shube, the drivers and itinerant tradesmen frequent the streets all day, with their bare necks and frozen beards. In a frost of five and twenty degrees, it is common to see women standing for hours together rinsing their linen, through holes in the ice of the canals.

The winter increases the necessities of life, and they are multiplied by luxury. To these belong the winter clothing, fuel, and candles. That people here run into great expences in the article of furs may be well imagined; and the fashion varies so often, that a man must be in more than moderate circumstances to be able to follow it. The consumption of wood is enormous. In the kitchens, bagnios, and servants' rooms, which are heated like bagnios, there is an incredible waste of this prime necessary of life in our climates. Upon a moderate computation, here are annually consumed upwards of two hundred thousand fathoms, amounting in specie to about half a million of rubles. This formidable consumption, and the rising price of wood, are highly deserving of patriotic attention. The expence in tallow and wax candles is proportionately as large. Throughout the long winter we live in almost everlasting night, as our shortest day is only five hours and a half. In houses conducted on a fashionable style the wax-candles, as in England, are lighted long before dinner.

The spring is so short, that it scarcely need be reckoned among the seasons. March and April are generally pleasant months on ac-

count of the number of bright days in them, but the air is still keen, and the Neva frequently still covered with ice. In May the scene suddenly changes: the winter dress entirely vanishes, but cold northerly winds keep off the balmy spring. We are now, by a sudden transition, thrown at once into summer; the existence whereof is likewise of short duration; scarcely come on, scarcely enjoyed, ere it flits away—

*et mox bruma recurrit iners.*

Short, however, as our summer is, it is not without its pleasures; and perhaps it is here the more satisfactorily enjoyed for the very reason of its being so short. On meeting the first smiles of the returning sun, all hie to the adjacent villas, where the genial season glides away too soon in hospitality and social amusements. Among the peculiar charms of the summer here are to be reckoned the bright and generally warm nights. The faint rays of the scarcely setting sun tinge the horizon with a ruddy hue, and beautify the surrounding objects; the noisy bustle of the streets is departed, though not into a death-like silence, but converted into that idle occupation, which is even more voluptuous than repose: walking parties are met every where, frequently attended by music: on the smooth surface of the Neva, and on all the canals, boats are gliding, from which resounds the simple melody of the popular ballads, as sung by the watermen: beguiled by the novelty and delightfulness of the scene and in the expectation of the coming night, by an agreeable surprise we find ourselves cheated of our sleep, when the first beams of the sun are gilding the tops of the houses. I have never yet known a single foreigner, who was insensible to the first enjoyment of these summer nights.

But, ah! to what scenes do these voluptuous moments lead! to the short summer succeeds an autumn, which by its numberless unpleasant concomitants effaces all remem-



brance of its few fine days. About this season of the year Petersburg becomes one of the most hideous corners of the earth. The horizon for several weeks is overspread with dark heavy clouds, impervious to the solar rays, reducing the already shortened days to a mere dismal twilight; while the incessant rains, in spite of the newly constructed sewers, render the streets so dirty, that it is impossible for well-dressed persons to walk them comfortably; and, to complete the picture of an autumnal evening, storms and tempests frequently come on.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE VALUE OF GENERAL RULES.

*A Fragment.*

SO far my father had proceeded in his narrative, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Bisset, the friend and physician of our house; who, having inquired after my father's health, and felt his pulse; having added something to his regimen, and deducted something from it, took a seat, and began to chat with us.

My father made inquiries about several of his patients; among the rest, concerning an old rogue of a steward of Mr. Mesanger, formerly mayor of the town, who had much perplexed and hurt his master's affairs, forged bills in his name, destroyed writings of importance, embezzled considerable sums, and in short committed a number of rogueries; of which the greatest part having been proved on him, he was then upon the eve of losing at least his reputation and property, and perhaps his life too. This affair at that time engaged the whole province. The doctor said the fellow was very ill; yet he was not without hopes of curing him.

That will be doing him a bad piece of service, said my father.

And, into the bargain, doing a very bad action, said I.

A bad action! I should be glad to

hear your reasons for that opinion, if you please, says the doctor.

My reasons, said I, are, that I think there are villains enough in the world, and that there is no need to detain such as are about to leave it.

My business is to cure, not to judge him, said the doctor. I will cure him, because that is my trade; the magistrates may afterwards have him hanged, because that is theirs.

But, doctor, said I, there is a calling common to every good citizen, to you as well as me; and that is, to exert ourselves to the utmost in the service of the public. Now, I can never conceive what good can be done to the public by preserving the life of a criminal, from whom the laws would have freed us in a short time.

But pray who is to pronounce him a criminal? Am I?

No. But his actions.

And who is to judge of the nature of his actions? Am I?

No, doctor: but permit me to alter the case a little. Let us suppose a criminal, whose crimes are notorious, to be taken ill. You are called. You go in a hurry. The curtains are undrawn, and you discover a Cartouche, or Nivet. Would you cure either of them?

The doctor, after hesitating a moment, answered resolutely, that he would. He would forget the name of his patient, and only concern himself about his disease; it being that alone upon which he had any right to decide: for, if he were to go one step farther, there was no knowing where to stop. If it were necessary that an examination into the conduct and morals of a patient should precede a physician's prescription, men's lives would soon become the victims of ignorance, passion, and prejudice. What you apply to Nivet, a Molinist would apply to a Jansenist, and a papist to a protestant. If you keep me from Cartouche's bed, a fanatic will drive me from that of an atheist. It gives us trouble enough to fix the dose of our medicine, without submitting to the drudgery of determining whether the measure of our patient's sins allow us to employ our remedies or not.

But, doctor, replied I, suppose, after the completion of your cure, the first use he should make of his recovery were to murder your friend: what would you say to that? Lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, would you not repent your having cured him? Would you not exclaim with indignation, *why did I give him my assistance? why did I not leave him to die?* And would not that reflection be sufficient to embitter the remainder of your life?

My grief certainly would be excessive, said he; but still I should have no remorse of conscience.

And what remorse of conscience could you have for—I will not say *kill*ing a mad dog, that is not the case here; but only for *suffering* such an animal *to die*? Come, doctor, I have a little more courage than you, and am not to be led astray by sophistry. Suppose me for once a physician. On looking at the patient to whom I am called, I discover a villain! I address him as follows: Execrable wretch! die, I entreat you, as soon as possible; you can do no better, either for yourself or others. I know very well what would remove the pleurisy that now torments you; but I shall be very careful not to meddle with it. I am not such an enemy to my country, as to restore you to it, and to prepare for myself a source of endless sorrow in the fresh crimes which you would commit. I will not be a partaker of your wickedness. Were a man to conceal you in his house, he would be punished for it; and can I consider as innocent the man that preserves your life? Impossible. All that I am sorry for is, that, by leaving you to die, I prevent you from suffering all the rigour of capital punishment. Dream not, then, that I shall take any pains to save the life of a wretch, whom I am bound to prosecute, both in common equity, and from a regard to the good of society, and the safety of my fellow creatures. No! you may die for me! and none shall have it to say, that, by my skill and endeavours, there is one monster more in the world!

Good night, sir, replied the doc-

tor. But—drink less coffee in the evening, do you hear?

O, but consider, said my father, how fond I am of coffee.

Well, then, at least take a good deal of sugar with it.

But, doctor, sugar will heat him.

Nonsense! Your servant, Mr. Philosopher.

One word more, doctor! During the late plague at Marseilles, a set of villains dispersed themselves in the houses, plundering, murdering, and taking advantage of the universal consternation, to enrich themselves by various iniquitous practices. One of the gang was seized with the plague. A grave digger belonging to those appointed by the police to remove the dead bodies, found and knew him. These people were accustomed to throw the corpses out of the houses into the street. As soon as the grave digger saw the villain, Rascal, says he, is it you? and instantly laying hold of his legs dragged him to the window. O! cries the fellow, I am not dead! You are dead enough, replied the other; and in a moment threw him down from the third story. Now, doctor, I assure you, this same grave digger, who got rid of the infected robber with so good a grace, was, in my opinion, far less to blame than an expert physician like yourself would have been, had he cured him. And now you may go if you please.

My good Mr. Philosopher, says the doctor, I am willing to admire both your wit and your zeal, as much as you please; but your morality shall never be mine. I will never set up my private judgment in opposition to the laws. I will never deviate from my proper trade of curing the diseases of men, into that of judging of their crimes and follies, and dispensing recompenses according to their merit. I will never lay down the doctor and take up the judge and executioner, for many reasons: first, because I have neither the leisure nor capacity for scrutinizing the past conduct, or guessing at the future actions of my patient; and secondly, if I exercised this province, I could not refuse the exer-



cise of it to another ; the consequence of which would be, that human society would become a scene of total anarchy and ruin.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

MARIGNY.

*A Political Tale of the fourteenth century.*

ENGUERRAND was descended from an ancient and noble family in Normandy ; the name of which was originally Le Portier, but his grandfather Hugh, lord of Rosey and Lions, having married the heiress of the count of Marigny, gave her name to his children. The moment young Marigny made his appearance at court he was universally admired for the graces of his person, the elegance of his wit, and the strength of his talents. The late king, finding him possessed of much political knowledge, appointed him a member of his council, gave him the post of chamberlain, created him count of Longueville, made him governor of the Louvre, master of the household, superintendant of the finances, and prime minister. This accumulation of favours naturally excited the envy of the great, whose enmity increased in proportion to his merit. The imprudence of Philip, in the multiplication of imposts, rendered his minister an object of public indignation. But of all his enemies the count of Valois was the most violent and implacable ; during the life of his brother, however, he was under the necessity of confining his animosity to his own bosom. A change of government, attended by a general insurrection, appeared to him a proper season for revenge. He therefore laid his plan of persecution, and veiled it under the specious mask of public good.

Notwithstanding the immense sums which had been levied during the late reign, on the king's decease the treasury was so far exhausted, that

there was not sufficient money to defray the expence of a coronation. "Where then," said Lewis, one day in full council, "are the tenths which were levied on the clergy ? What has become of the numerous subsidies exacted from the people ? Where are the riches that must have been derived from the debasement of the coin ?" "Sire," said the count of Valois, "Marigny was entrusted with all this money, it is his place to give an account of it." Enguerrand protested that he was ready so to do, whenever he should receive the king's orders for that purpose. "Let it be done then immediately," exclaimed the count. "With all my heart," replied the minister. "I gave you, sir, a great part of it ; the rest was employed in defraying the expences of the state, and in carrying on the war against the Flemings." "You lie !" said Charles, in a rage. "It is yourself, who are the liar, sir," returned the minister, with more spirit than prudence. The count immediately drew his sword ; Marigny put himself in a posture of defence, and the consequences must have been serious but for the interference of the council, who hastened to separate them. The prince no longer placed any bounds to his resentment. All his credit was exerted for the infliction of vengeance ; and his friends, the count of St. Paul, and the vidame of Amiens, were, in the mean time, ordered to intimate to the young monarch, that the superintendant of his finances was the only victim capable of assuaging the rage of the people.

Some days after this incident, Marigny, relying too much on his own innocence, attended the council as usual ; but he was arrested as he entered the king's apartment, and conveyed to the prison of the Louvre, of which he was governor : from thence, at the intercession of the count of Valois, he was transferred to the temple, and thrown into a dungeon. Ralph de Preles, a celebrated advocate, the intimate friend of Marigny, was also arrested, through fear that he might furnish

the minister with such means of defence as might baffle all the efforts of his adversaries. Some pretext, however, was necessary to cover the iniquity of this proceeding; he was therefore accused of having conspired against the life of the late king; and, by an instance of unparalleled injustice, his effects were immediately confiscated, and were not restored even after his innocence had been established. The king, indeed, on his death bed felt a remorse of conscience, and did all that he could to repair this injury. In his last will he ordered all the lands and effects belonging to Ralph de Preles to be restored, whether they were in possession of the crown or of individuals. But it is not known whether his orders were executed.

Many other persons were involved in the disgrace of Marigny, particularly all such as had been anywise concerned with him in the administration of the finances. These were committed to different prisons; some put to the torture, for the purpose of extorting from them something that might tend to criminate the minister; but, either from gratitude to their benefactor, or from respect for truth, they bore the pain with fortitude, and made no confession. The count of Valois was highly disappointed. Nor did he succeed better in a proclamation he issued, inviting all persons, whether rich or poor, who had any complaints to make against the superintendant of the finances, to appear in the king's court, where they might depend upon having justice done them. Not a soul appeared; not a single complaint was preferred.

The prosecution, however, was carried on; and, when every thing was prepared, Marigny was conducted to the wood of Vincennes, to hear the charges exhibited against him, before an assembly at which the king presided in person, assisted by a great number of nobles and prelates. The accusations were numerous; but the most serious were these:—That he had debased the

coin; burthened the people with taxes; artfully persuaded the late king to make him presents to an immense amount; stolen considerable sums, that had been destined for the use of Edmund de Goth, a relation of the pope; issued various orders unauthorized by the command of his sovereign; and maintained a traitorous correspondence with the Flemings.

Such of these charges as were founded on facts had been acts of the king, and not of the minister; the rest were wholly unsupported by proof. Nor, indeed, did the count of Valois attempt to bring any proof; so little regard did he pay even to the forms of justice, that he refused to hear what the party accused had to urge in his own defence. Marigny's brothers, however, the bishop of Beauvais, and the archbishop of Sens, used all their credit with the king to obtain for him a permission, that had never been denied to the most atrocious culprits—that of answering juridically to the various charges that had been brought against him. The king, conscious that what he desired was just, readily complied with it. He went still farther. Enraged at finding nothing was produced against the minister but vague assertions, unsupported by proof, he expressed his determination to do him justice by immediately releasing him from confinement. But he was prevented, by the interference of his uncle, from executing this laudable resolution. Charles had proceeded too far to retract, and his influence over the mind of his nephew was such, that he persuaded him to let the matter rest for some days, when he did not doubt of being able to convince him more fully of his minister's guilt.

He then proceeded to suborn some witnesses, who deposed, that Alips de Mons, wife to Marigny, and the lady of Canteleu, his sister, had had recourse to witchcraft in order to save him, and that they had made the images of the king, the count of Valois, and some of the barons in



wax. In these days of ignorance and superstition, it was believed, that any operations performed on such images would affect the persons they represented; and in the ancient chronicle of St. Denis it is gravely asserted, that so long as these had lasted, the king, count, and barons would have daily wasted away, till they had died. Absurd as this may appear, the two ladies were seized and confined in the prison of the Louvre, and the magician, James de Lor, who had assisted them in their magic incantations, was committed to the Chatelet, with his wife, who was afterwards burned, and his servant, who expired on a gibbet. A report was presently propagated, that de Lor had hanged himself in prison; it is probable he had been privately strangled. Be that as it may, his death was received as a proof of his guilt. Lewis was young, simple, and inexperienced. The waxen images were shown to him; the self-inflicted punishment of the magician was enforced; his credulity proved stronger than his judgment; he withdrew his protection from Marigny, and consigned him to the care and disposal of his implacable foe.

The count of Valois, having now attained the summit of his wishes, assembled a few barons and knights at the wood of Vincennes, ordered the accusations to be read to them, and spared no pains to convince them of their truth. Without hearing any evidence, without admitting the prisoner to speak in his defence, he was declared guilty of all the crimes laid to his charge, and, notwithstanding his rank, was sentenced to be hanged. This iniquitous sentence was executed on the thirtieth of April, 1315, at break of day (the time at which all executions were then performed), and his body was afterwards suspended on a gibbet at Montfaucon.

Charles was disappointed in his expectations of applause. Nothing is more common in the minds of the people than sudden transitions from

rage to compassion. Highly irritable, their resentment is easily roused—but destroy its object, it instantly subsides, and they are the first to accuse themselves of injustice. This was precisely the case with regard to Marigny. They had been dazzled by his splendour, and had been eager to promote his downfall; when that was effected, they were moved by his misfortunes, and began to inquire into the justice of his condemnation. What to resentment had seemed clear, to compassion appeared mysterious. The irregularity of the proceedings now struck them in a forcible point of view, and they loudly condemned those measures, which before they had as loudly commended. The count of Valois himself, on his death-bed, acknowledged the injustice of his own conduct, and the innocence of Marigny, whose family was, at a subsequent period, reinstated in all the honours and possessions of which he had been unjustly deprived.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTES OF MILTON AND HIS FAMILY.

A MAN'S will, though a matter executed after his death, generally throws no small light upon his life. Milton's will is a great literary curiosity, and will be much prized by the biographer, as it serves to elucidate many circumstances of Milton's life, manners, and habits. This will is nuncupative, and is as follows.

Memorandum, that John Milton, late of the parish of S. Giles Criplegate in the countie of Middlesex gentleman, deceased, at severall times before his death, and in particular, on or about the twentieth day of July, in the year of our Lord God 1674, being of perfect mind and memorie, declared his will and intent as to the disposall of his estate after his death, in these words following,

or like effect: "The portion due to me from Mr. Powell, my former wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her, having received no parte of it: but my meaning is, they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion, and what I have besides done for them; they having been very undutifull to me. All the residue of my estate I leave to [the] disposall of Elizabeth my loving wife." Which words, or to the same effect, were spoken in presence of Christopher Milton.

X [Mark of] ELIZABETH FISHER.  
Nov. 23, 1674.

Christopher Milton was John Milton's younger brother; a strong royalist, and a professed papist. After the civil war, he made his composition through his brother's interest. Being a practitioner in the law, he lived to be an ancient bencher of the Inner Temple: was made a judge of the common pleas, and knighted by king James the second; but, on account of his age and infirmities, he was at length dismissed from business, and retired to Ipswich, where he resided all the latter part of his life.

Owing to the want of the forms which the civil law requires, the judge pronounced this nuncupative will invalid, and decreed administration of the intestate's effects to the widow.

Milton's biographers say, that he sold his library before his death, and left his family fifteen hundred pounds, which his widow Elizabeth seized, and only gave one hundred pounds to each of his three daughters. Of this widow, Philips relates, rather harshly, that she persecuted his children in his life time, and *cheated* them at his death.

Milton had children, who survived him, only by his first wife. Of three daughters, Anne, the first, deformed in stature, but with a handsome face, married a master-builder, and died of her first childbirth, with the infant. Mary, the second, died single. Deborah, the third, and the greatest favourite of the three, went

over to Ireland as companion to a lady in her father's lifetime; and afterwards married Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spital-fields, and died, aged seventy-six, in August, 1727. This is the daughter that used to read to her father; and was well known to Richardson, and professor Ward: a woman of a very cultivated understanding, and not inelegant of manners. She was generously patronised by Addison, and by queen Caroline, who sent her a present of fifty guineas. She had seven sons and three daughters, of whom only Celeb and Elizabeth are remembered. Celeb migrated to fort Saint George, where perhaps he died. Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, married Thomas Forster, a weaver in Spital-fields, and had seven children, who all died. She is said to have been a plain sensible woman; and kept a petty grocer's or chandler's shop, first at lower Holloway, and afterwards in Cocklane, near Shoreditch church. In April, 1750, *Comus* was acted for her benefit: doctor Johnson, who wrote the prologue, says, "she had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her." The profits of the performance were only one hundred and thirty pounds; though doctor Newton contributed largely, and twenty pounds were given by Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. On this trifling augmentation to their small stock, she and her husband removed to Islington, where they both soon died.

These seems to have been the grounds, upon which Milton's nuncupative will was pronounced invalid. First, there was wanting what the civil law terms a *rogatio testium*, or a solemn bidding of the persons present, to take notice that the words he was going to deliver were to be his will. The civil law requires this form, to make men's verbal declarations operate as wills; otherwise, they are presumed to be words of common calling or loose conversation. And the statute of



the twenty-ninth of Charles II has adopted the rule, as may be seen in the 19th clause of that statute, usually called the *statute of frauds*, which passed in the year 1676, two years after Milton's death. Secondly, the words here attested by the three witnesses are not words delivered at the same time; but one witness speaks to one declaration made at one time, and another to another declaration made at another time. And although the declarations are of similar import, this circumstance will not satisfy the demands of the law, which requires, that the three witnesses who are to support a nuncupative will must speak to the identical words uttered at one and the same time. There is yet another requisite in nuncupative wills, which is not found here; namely, that the words be delivered in the last sickness of a party: whereas the words here attested appear to have been delivered when the party was in a tolerable state of health, at least under no immediate danger of death. On these principles sir Leoline Jenkins acted in the rejection of Milton's will, though the three witnesses apparently told the truth in what they deposed.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON MILTON'S LYCIDAS AND SMALLER POEMS.

EDWARD KING, the subject of this monody, was the son of sir John King, knight, secretary for Ireland, under queen Elizabeth, James the first, and Charles the first. He was sailing from Chester to Ireland on a visit to his friends and relations in that country; these were his brother sir Robert King, and his sisters, Anne and Margaret, Edward King, bishop of Elphin, by whom he was baptized, and William Chappel, then dean of Cashel, and provost of Dublin college, who had been his tutor at Christ's college, Cambridge,

and was afterwards bishop of Cork and Ross, and in this pastoral is probably the same person that is styled *old DAMOETAS*; when, in calm weather, not far from the English coast, the ship, a very crazy vessel, *a fatal and perfidious bark*, struck on a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom with all that were on board, not one escaping, August 10, 1637. King was now only twenty-five years old. He was, perhaps, a native of Ireland.

At Cambridge he was distinguished for his piety, and proficiency in polite literature. He has no inelegant copy of Latin iambics prefixed to a Latin comedy called *Senile Oidium*, acted at Queen's college, Cambridge, by the youth of that society, and written by P. Hausted, Cantab. 1633, 12mo. From which I select these lines, as containing a judicious satire on the false taste, and the customary mechanical or unnatural expedients of the drama that then subsisted.

Non hic cothurni sanguine insonti ru-  
beat,  
Nec flagra Megæra ferrea horrendum  
intonant;  
Noverca nulla sævior Erebo furit;  
Venena nulla, præter illa dulcio  
Amoris; atque his vim abstulere noxiam  
Casti lepores, innocua festivitas,  
Nativa suavitas, proba elegantia, &c.

He also appears with credit in the Cambridge public verses of his time. I will not say how far these performances justify Milton's panegyric on his friend's poetry.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? He  
knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty  
rhyme.

This poem, as appears by the Trinity manuscript, was written in November, 1637, when Milton was not quite twenty-nine years old.

Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation.

By contemplation is here meant that stretch of thought by which the mind ascends "To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;" and is therefore very properly said *to soar on golden wing, guiding the fiery-wheeled throne*; that is, to take a high and glorious flight, carrying bright ideas of deity along with it. But the whole imagery alludes to the cherubic forms that conveyed the *fiery-wheeled* car in Ezekiel, x. 2. seq. See also Milton himself, *Par. Lost* vi. 750. So that nothing can be greater or juster than this idea of *divine contemplation*. Contemplation of a more sedate turn, and intent only on human things, is more fitly described, as by Spenser, under the figure of an *old man*; time and experience qualifying men best for this office. Spenser might then be right in his imagery; and yet Milton might be right in his, without being supposed to ramble after some fanciful Italian.

The Ode on The Passion has these lines:

My sorrows are too dark for day to  
know:  
The leaves should all be black whereon  
I write,  
And letters where my tears have wash'd  
a wannish white.

Conceits were now confined not to words only. There is extant a volume of elegies, in which the paper is black, and the letters white; that is, in all the title-pages. Every intermediate leaf is also black.

Milton's sonnets are not without their merit: yet, if we except two or three, there is neither the grace nor exactness of Milton's hand in them. This sort of composition in our language is difficult to the best rhymist, and Milton was a very bad one. Besides his genius rises above, and, as we may say, overflows, the banks of this narrow confined poem, *fontem indignatus Araxes*.

When it is considered, how frequently the life of Milton has been written, and how numerous the annotations have been, on different

parts of his works, it seems strange, that his Greek verses, which, indeed, are but few, should have passed almost wholly without notice till lately. They have neither been mentioned, as proofs of learning, by his admirers, nor exposed to the ordeal of criticism, by his enemies. Both parties seem to have shrunk from the subject.

Dr. Burney, son of the musical doctor, was the first who undertook the task of commenting on Milton's Greek poetry, and this he has performed with unparalleled skill and erudition.

Those who have long and justly entertained a high idea of Milton's Greek erudition, on perusing Dr. Burney's remarks, will probably feel disappointed, and may ascribe to spleen and temerity what merits a milder title. To Milton's claim of extensive, and, indeed, wonderful learning, who shall refuse their suffrage? It requires not commendation, and may defy censure. If Dr. Johnson, however, observes of some Latin verse of Milton, that it is not secure against a stern grammarian, what would he have said, if he had bestowed his time in examining his Greek poetry, with the same exactness of taste, and with equal accuracy of criticism?

If Milton had lived in the present age he would have written Greek much more correctly. His native powers of mind, and his studious researches, would have been assisted by the learned labours of Bentley, Hemsterhus, Valckenaer, Toup, and Ruhnken, under whose auspices Greek criticism has flourished, in the eighteenth century, with a degree of vigour wholly unknown in any period since the revival of letters.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### REASON IN POETRY.

THE truth of both *facts* and *history* results from the apprehension or investigation of *particulars*, in-



dependently of their causes: whereas that of *poetry* springs from the application of *causes*, and these *general* ones. The first act of reasoning is, therefore, from a number of particulars, by collateral judgments of effects produced by them upon the internal feeling, to collect these general causes; and the second, to apply them, by the different modes of imitation, in order to produce the poetical effect. Hence poetry is said to be more philosophical. *Experience* is the foundation, *induction* is the first, and a *judicious application of generals*, is the second act. And if these generals are well formed in the first place, and well applied in the second, the poetical truth will discover itself in the effect by a proportionable operation on the sensibility of all according to its powers.

Thus poetry stands high in the eye of philosophy. It is founded in *abstraction*, which is the sublimest operation of the mind, by which its ideas are not only generalized, but corrected and improved by an act of intellect, and rendered more perfect and complete than the archetypes themselves. These are the materials with which the imagination works, and which it moulds into forms of beauty superior to any that appear in the face of nature. And hence it is, that the imitative arts derive that excellence and superiority in which they glory. As by this power of abstraction the mathematician conceives the idea of a perfect circle or a perfect sphere, which in nature has no existence; and the moralist that of a faultless character; so from archetypes that exist in nature, the artist derives ideas so corrected and sublimed, that they become *transcendent*, that is *above*, though *not contrary* to nature.

Particulars and individuals, with all their deformities and imperfections, are, indeed, often applied by imitation to the production of poetical effect: but, to arrive at the summit of his profession, the artist should employ none but general

ideas, with all the advantages which arrangement, disposition, and situation can give them; as did the intelligent statuary, to whose poetical genius the world has been indebted for the Venus de Medicis, or the Apollo Belvidere.

But the *imitation*, by which these poetical ideas are employed in art, according to good taste (which is only another word for judgment), is of different kinds, and the just distinction of them is an act of rational and judicious criticism.

All imitation is *resemblance*, which differs according to the nature of the *art*; and the nature of the art depends upon the *materials* and *instrument* employed. Imitation is either *direct* or *proper*, or *indirect* and *improper*: and to discriminate its nature and extent in each of the elegant arts, as well as in the different provinces of the same, is a piece of the most refined philosophy.

In *sculpture* and in *painting* the imitation, from the nature of the means and materials they employ, is *direct* and *proper*, and the resemblance between the statue or picture and what they represent, is both immediate and obvious. *Words* are the means or materials of *poetry*: but words, though as *sounds* they may sometimes *directly* resemble sounds, are not the natural representatives of *ideas*, in which poetry consists; they are only their arbitrary signs, and do not, therefore, admit of any imitation so *proper* and *direct*. That part of poetry, in which the poet personates another, and employs his very words and speeches, is, so far as that personification goes, *directly* imitative. But, with regard to the effect which it produces, poetical imitation is *indirect* in a greater or less degree. The simplest and *least indirect* mode of this imitation, is that representation of *sensible* objects, which is called poetical *description*. From this poetry advances to a sublimer operation in the representation of *mental* objects, of all the passions, emotions, movements, and sensations of

the mind; which it performs two different ways, either by representing these mental emotions as they are *internally* felt, and succeed each other in the mind, or by representing them as they appear in their sensible and *external effects*: and these *less direct* modes constitute poetical *expression*. In all which mental imitations the effect is often extended and enlarged by *association* of ideas, and wonderfully heightened by *sympathy*, that lovely and sublime affection, which gives poetry such a powerful ascendant over the heart of man.

Another mode of poetical imitation is that of *fiction*, which represents facts, characters, actions, manners, and events, in feigned and general story, as history does in real and particular narrative, adding to the fiction *representation*: these *more indirect* imitations constitute *epic* and *dramatic* poetry, into which every other species is introduced.

And to these is to be added another kind of imitation still *more indirect*, which conveys the thoughts and ideas of the mind through the external objects of sense: this is *parabolical* and *allusive* poetry.

But, although the imitations of *poetry* be *less direct* and *proper* than those of the other arts, they surpass them greatly in their extent and operation upon the mind. *Poetry*, which from this superiority has appropriated the general name, is the mirror of all truth, by which every part of nature, corporeal and mental, is reflected and improved. It is physics, facts, actions, and *history* feigned at pleasure, and represented by the different modes of its imitation, in a *language* raised above the common use, and which is peculiarly appropriated to itself; and, whilst it exhibits a beautiful picture of every species of truth, it softens the labour which attends their acquisition, by affording the mind that refined and elegant recreation, which the most rigid philosopher need not blush to take.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB is a hero familiar to our childhood, and indeed has become a sort of proverbial sample of a great soul in a little body. It is an old and general observation, that distance and rumour magnify all objects; but with regard to Tom Thumb, they have had an opposite effect: they have made his little less. A cubit is added to the stature of a giant by every new blast of fame, but dwarfs, instead of being gradually enlarged by the same process to the due size of men, merely dwindle to a diminutiveness more and more miraculous.

Tom Thumb, in legendary lore, was king Arthur's dwarfish page. He was no doubt originally a very short, though a very stout personage, but he has gradually become as small, or even smaller, than a Lilliputian. The following verses describe him in this state of greatest diminution, and is a very pleasing specimen of that mode of writing. They are taken from a poem of considerable length, and describe the second visit of this heroic minimus to the court of Arthur.

But now his businesse call'd him forth  
King Arthur's court to see,  
Whereas no longer from the same  
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops  
Which settled in the way,  
His long and weary journey forth  
Did hinder and so stay.

Until his carefull father tooke  
A birding trunke in sport,  
And with one blast blew this his sonne  
Into king Arthur's court.

Now he with tilts and turnaments  
Was entertained so  
That all the best of Arthur's knights  
Did him much pleasure show.

As good sir Lancelot of the lake,  
Sir Tristram, and sir Guy;



Yet none compar'd with brave Tom  
Thumbe  
For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,  
And for his ladie's sake,  
A challenge in king Arthur's court  
Tom Thumbe did bravely make.

'Gainst whom these noble knights did run,  
Sir Chinon, and the rest,  
Yet still Tom Thumbe with matchles  
might  
Did beare away the best.

At last sir Lancelot of the Lake  
In manly sort came in,  
And with this stout and hardy knight  
A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all agast,  
For there that valiant man  
Through Lancelot's steed, before them  
all,  
In nimble manner ran.

Yea horse and all, with speare and  
shield,  
As hardly he was seene,  
But onely by king Arthur's selfe  
And his admired queene,

Who from her finger tooke a ring,  
Through which Tom Thumbe made  
way,  
Not touching it, in nimble sort,  
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest haire  
From his faire ladie's head,  
Not hurting her whose even hand  
Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts  
In Arthur's court there showne,  
As like in all the world beside  
Was hardly seene or knowne.

Now at these sports he toyl'd himselfe  
That he a sicknesse tooke,  
Through which all manly exercise  
He carelessly forsooke.

Where lying on his bed sore sicke,  
King Arthur's doctor came,  
With cunning skill, by physick's art,  
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,  
This cunning doctor tooke  
VOL. VI. NO. XXXV.

A fine prospective glasse, with which  
He did in secret looke

Into his sickened body downe,  
And therein saw that death  
Stood ready in his wasted guts  
To sease his vitall breath.

His armes and leggs consum'd as small  
As was a spiders web,  
Through which his dying houre grew  
on,  
For all his limbes grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,  
Which hardly could be seene:  
The losse of which renowned knight  
Much griev'd the king and queene.

And so with peace and quietnesse  
He left this earth below;  
And vp into the Fayry land  
His ghost did fading goe.

Whereas the fayry queene receiv'd,  
With heauy mourning cheere,  
The body of this valiant knight,  
Whom she esteemed so deere.

For with her dancing nymphs in greene,  
She fetcht him from his bed,  
With musicke and sweet melody,  
So soone as life was fled:

For whom king Arthur and his knights  
Full forty daies did mourne;  
And, in remembrance of his name  
That was so strangely borne,

He built a tomb of marble gray,  
And yeare by yeare did come  
To celebrate the mournfull day,  
And burial of Tom Thumbe

Whose fame still lieues in England  
here,  
Amongst the countrey sort;  
Of whom our wives and children small  
Tell tales of pleasant sport.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

BOSWELL PARODIED.

MANY of my readers have proba-  
bly laughed more than once over the

following exquisite specimen of witty satire. Is an apology necessary for presenting it once more to the view of such readers? Will they not consent to read it once more, and read it with nearly as much satisfaction as at first? True wit, like pure gold, never loses its intrinsic value by any lapse of time or frequency of circulation. As long as it is intelligible, it is precious; and, with respect to the following effusion, the reference tacitly made to Boswell's memorable *Life of Johnson* can escape but few readers.

They that smile at this parody afford no proof that they set not a high value on the work intended to be parodied. All allow Boswell's books, especially the *Hebridian Tour*, to contain occasional absurdities and puerilities, and the same enlightened taste that rejects what is ridiculous or frivolous, will clearly discern and justly estimate the useful and solid with which it may chance to be allied. I reckon, therefore, with confidence on the forgiveness of those who have seen this before, and on the gratitude of those who have chanced never to have seen it.

*An Extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes folio, written by James Bozz, Esq., who flourished with him near fifty years.*

—We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books; I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip*: I said it was a great work. Pozz. "Yes, sir, it is a great work; but, sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy." I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believed he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, sir, if they would call me a dog, and you a canister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of our's, who was always making comparisons? Pozz. "Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself; I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made money, sir, and now he makes comparisons: sir, he would say, that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, sir, and then he would laugh." Bozz. "But have not some great writers determined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious*?" Pozz. "No, sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious. The whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house. I showed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches: Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?" Bozz. "Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is characteristic of poetry." Pozz. "Yes, sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark; it affords a proof of that acuteness which he displays in every branch of literature. I asked him, if he approved of green spectacles? Pozz. "As to green spectacles, sir, the question seems to be this: if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, sir, I would dissuade him." A few months after I consulted him again on this subject and he honoured me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, vol. vi, page 2789. I have thought much on this subject, and must confess, that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memo-



random in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows :

*To James Bozz, Esq.*

" Dear Sir,

" My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy for me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your *Tour*.

" Write me soon, and write me often.

" I am, dear sir,

" Your's affectionately,

" SAM. POZZ."

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to day : his wit flashed like lightning ; indeed, there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz. " Yes, sir, when confined, when pent up." I said I did not know that, and I questioned if the Romans ever knew it. Pozz. " Yes, sir, the Romans knew it." Bozz. " Livy does not mention it." Pozz. " No, sir, Livy wrote history. Livy was not writing the life of a friend."

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me of a friend of our's who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint ; he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand nor walk, unless supported : his speech was quite gone ; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremities cold ; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said with tenderness, that I would go and see him ; and, said I, " Sir, I will take Dr. Bolus with me." Pozz. " No, sir, don't go." I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart, and earnestly

asked why ? Pozz. " Sir, you don't know his disorder." Bozz. " Pray what is it ?" Pozz. " Sir, the man is *dead drunk* !" This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke ; but he afterwards checked me. Pozz. " Sir you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh only at your own jokes ; ergo, you should laugh seldom."

We talked of a friend of our's who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company. Pozz. " No, sir, he is not healthy ; he is sore, sir, his mind is ulcerated ; he has a political whitlow ; sir, you cannot touch him but he winces. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man ; I would talk of cabbage and pease ; sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was with child ; but I would not talk politics. Bozz. " But, perhaps, sir, he would talk of nothing else." Pozz. " Then, sir, it is plain what he would do." On my very earnestly enquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered, " Sir, he would let it alone."

I mentioned a tradesman, who had lately set up his coach. Pozz. " He is right, sir ; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach ; now, sir, a coach is better than a chaise ; sir, it is better than a chariot." Bozz. " Why, sir ?" Pozz. " Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. " Dr. Pozz," said I, " you ought to keep a coach." Pozz. " Yes, sir, I ought." Bozz. " But you do not, and that has often surprised me." Pozz. " Surprised you ! There, sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprised at nothing. A man that has lived half your days ought to be above all surprise. Sir, it is a rule with me never to be surprised. It is through mere ignorance, that you cannot

guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprised. Now, sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear sir, you will let me know before I leave town." Pozz. "Yes, sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Winkins and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself: sir, I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear? Pozz. "Yes, sir; and then, sir, nobody could bear them. A man who is drunk, sir, is a very foolish fellow." Bozz. "But, sir, as the poet says, 'he is devoid of all care.'" Pozz. "Yes, sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, sir, for he cannot write his name; he cannot be a politician, sir, for he cannot talk; he cannot be an artist, sir, for he cannot see; and yet, sir, there is science in drinking." Bozz. "I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." Pozz. "No, sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the science consists of three parts. Now, sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend \*\*\*\*\* (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance) he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much, but he knows not when he has enough. Now, sir, that is the science of drinking, to know when one has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power; and seemed to be offended with a friend of our's, who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly

found fault with the moral of the Beggar's Opera. I endeavoured to defend a work which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world he preferred sir Isaac Newton's Chronology; but as they gave employment to useful artisans, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits. Pozz. "Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great-grand-mother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned that the spirit once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me: Pozz. "There, sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in these shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing contemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are not seen at the same time, nor in the same place." Bozz. "I think, sir, that old women in general are used to see ghosts." Pozz. "Yes, sir, and their conversation is full of the subject; I would have an old woman to record such conversations; their loquacity tends to minuteness."

We talked of a person who had a very bad character. Pozz. "Sir, he is a scoundrel." Bozz. "I hate a scoundrel." Pozz. "There you are wrong; don't hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, sir, are useful; there are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not chuse to keep company with scoundrels,



but something may be got from them." Bozz. "Are not scoundrels generally fools?" Pozz. "No, sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool. I think a good book might be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, the *lives of eminent scoundrels*, from the earliest accounts to the present day." I mentioned hanging; I thought it a very awkward situation. Pozz. "No, sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, sir, that a man whose actions tend towards flagitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last." I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. Pozz. "Yes, sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged; we can recollect that; but we cannot number those who deserve it; it would not be decorous, sir, in a mixed company. No, sir, that is one of the few things which we are compelled to *think*."

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF  
PRINTS.

MUCH as every body is conversant with prints; familiarly and universally as they are employed for adorning our apartments or our books; abounding as they do in every kind of habitation, from the palace to the alehouse, from the city-hall to the remotest hovel in the wilderness, there are very few who knew more of the manner in which they are made than merely that the principal material is copper. This information, too, we chiefly owe to the term *copperplate*.

In reading, too, we are familiar with the different terms, *engraving*, *mezzotinto*, *etching*, and *aquatinta*, but are generally quite ignorant of

their several meanings. It will not, perhaps, be useless or unseasonable to give a short explanation of these terms, in a manner as plain and intelligible as possible.

There are three kinds of prints, *engravings*, *etchings*, and *mezzotintos*. The characteristic of the first is *strength*; of the second, *freedom*; and of the third, *softness*. All these, however, may in some degree be found in each.

From the shape of the engraver's tool, each stroke is an angular incision; which must of course, if it be not very light, give the line strength and firmness. From such a line also, being a deliberate one, correctness may be expected; but no great freedom: for it is a laboured line, ploughed through the metal; and must necessarily, in some degree, want ease.

Unlimited *freedom*, on the other hand, is the characteristic of *etching*. The needle, gliding along the surface of the copper, meets no resistance; and easily takes any turn the hand pleases to give it. Etching indeed is mere drawing, and may be practised with the same facility. But as *aqua-fortis* bites in an *equable* manner, it cannot give the lines that strength which they receive from a pointed graver cutting the copper. Besides, it is difficult to prevent its biting the plate *all over alike*. The *distant parts* indeed may easily be covered with wax, or varnish, and the *general effect* of the *keeping* preserved; but to give each *smaller part* its proper relief, and to *harmonize the whole*, requires so many different degrees of strength, such easy transitions from one to another, that *aqua-fortis* alone is not equal to it. Here, therefore, engraving, which by a stroke, deep or tender, at the artist's pleasure, can vary strength and faintness in any degree, has the advantage.

Engraving, therefore, and etching having their respective advantages and deficiencies, artists have endeavoured to unite their powers, and to correct the faults of each, by

joining the *freedom* of the one, with the *strength* of the other. In many modern prints, the plate is first etched, and afterwards strengthened, and finished by the graver. This, when *well* done, has a happy effect. The flatness, which is the consequence of an equable strength of shade, is taken off; and the print gains new force by the relief given to those parts which *hang*, in the painter's language, on the parts behind them. But great art is necessary in this business. Many a print, which wanted only a *few* touches, receives afterwards so *many*, as to be come laboured, heavy, and disgusting.

In *etching*, we have the greatest variety of excellent prints. It is so much like *drawing*, that we have the very works themselves of the most celebrated masters: many of whom have left behind them prints of this kind; which, however slight and incorrect, will always have something *masterly*, and of course *beautiful* in them.

In the *muscleing* of human figures, of any considerable size, *engraving* has undoubtedly the advantage of *etching*. The soft and delicate transitions from light to shade, which are there required, cannot be so well expressed by the needle; and, in general, *large prints* require a strength which *etching* cannot give, and are therefore fit subjects for *engraving*.

*Etching*, on the other hand, is more particularly adapted to sketches, and slight designs: which, if executed by the graver, would entirely lose their freedom; and with it their beauty. Landscape too, in general, requires *etching*. The foliage of trees, ruins, sky, and indeed every part of landscape, requires the utmost freedom. In finishing an *etched* landscape, with the *tool*, as it is called, too much care cannot be taken to prevent heaviness. In general there is great nicety of touching on an etched plate; but in landscape the business is peculiarly delicate. The foregrounds, and the boles of such trees as are placed upon them, may require a

few strong touches; and here and there a few harmonizing strokes will add to the effect: but if the engraver venture much further, he has good luck if he do no mischief.

An *engraved* plate, unless it be cut very slightly, will cast off seven or eight hundred good impressions; yet this depends, in some degree, on the hardness of the copper. An *etched* plate will not give above two hundred; unless it be eaten very deep, and then it may perhaps give three hundred. After that, the plate must be retouched, or the impressions will be faint.

An excellent mode of *etching* on a *soft ground* has been lately brought into use, and approaches still nearer to drawing than the common mode. On a thin paper, somewhat larger than the plate, you trace a correct outline of the drawing you intend to etch. You then fold the paper, thus traced, over the plate; and laying the original drawing before you, finish the outline on the traced one with a black lead pencil. Every stroke of the pencil on one side licks up the soft ground on the other. So that when you finish your drawing with black-lead, and take the paper off the plate, you find a complete and very beautiful drawing on the reverse of the paper, and the etching likewise as complete on the copper. You then proceed to bite it with aqua-fortis, in the common mode of etching: only as your ground is softer, the aqua-fortis must be weaker.

Besides these methods of engraving on *copper*, we have prints engraved on pewter and on wood. The pewter plate gives a coarseness and dirtiness to the print which is often disagreeable. But engraving on wood is capable of great beauty.

Mezzotinto is very different from either *engraving* or *etching*. In these you cut out the *shades* on a smooth plate. In *mezzotinto* the plate is covered with a rough ground, and you scrape the lights. The plate would otherwise give an impression entirely black.



Since the time of its invention by prince *Rupert*, as is commonly supposed, the art of scraping *mezzotintos* is much more improved than either of its sister arts. Some of the earliest *etchings* are perhaps the best; and *engraving*, since the times of *Goltzius* and *Muller*, has not, perhaps, made any great advances. But *mezzotinto*, compared with its original state, is now almost a new art. Some of the modern pieces of workmanship by the best *mezzotinto* scrapers as much exceed the works of *White* and *Smith*, as those masters did *Becket* and *Simons*. They have, we must own, better originals to copy. *Kneller's* portraits are very paltry, compared with those of modern artists, and are scarce susceptible of any effects of light and shade. As to prince *Rupert's* works, those that pass for his are executed in the same black, harsh, disagreeable manner, which appears so strong in the masters who succeeded him. The invention, however, was noble; and the early masters have the credit of it: but the truth is, the ingenious mechanic has been called to the painter's aid, and has invented a manner of *laying ground*, wholly unknown to the earlier masters; and in *mezzotinto* the *ground* is a capital consideration.

The characteristic of *mezzotinto* is *softness*, which adapts it chiefly to portrait, or history, with a few figures, and these not too small. Nothing, except paint, can more naturally express flesh, or the flowing of hair or the folds of drapery, or the catching lights of armour. In engraving and etching our prejudices must contend with cross lines, which exist on no natural bodies: but *mezzotinto* gives us the strongest representation of the real *surface*. If, however, the figures are to be crowded, it wants strength to detach the several parts with a proper relief, and if they are very small, it wants precision, which can only be given by an outline; or, as in painting, by a different tint. In miniature works also, the unevenness of the ground will occasion bad

drawing, and an awkwardness, in the extremities especially. Some inferior artists have endeavoured to remedy this, by terminating their figures with an engraved or etched line; but the experiment has failed. The strength of the line, and the softness of the ground, accord ill together. I speak not here of that judicious mixture of *etching* and *mezzotinto*, formerly used by *White*; and which the best *mezzotinto* scrapers at present use, to give a strength to particular parts; I speak only of a harsh and injudicious lineal termination.

*Mezzotinto* excels each of the other species of prints, in its capacity of receiving the most beautiful effects of light and shade: as it can the most happily unite them, by blending them insensibly together. Of this *Rembrandt* seems to have been aware. He had probably seen some of the first *mezzotintos*; and admiring the effect, endeavoured to produce it in etching, by a variety of intersecting scratches.

We cannot get more than a hundred good impressions from a *mezzotinto* plate. The rubbing of the hand soon wears it smooth: and yet by constantly repairing it, it may give four or five hundred, with tolerable strength. The first impressions are not always the best. They are too black and harsh. The best is from the fortieth to the sixtieth. The harsh edges will then be softened down, and yet there will be spirit and strength enough left.

The *dry needle*, as it is called, is a manner between etching and engraving. It is performed by cutting the copper with a steel point, held like a pencil; and differs from etching only in the force with which you work. This method is used by all engravers in their skies, and other *tender* parts; and some of them extend it still further.

Within fifteen or twenty years, a new mode of etching has come much into use, called *aquatinta*. It is so far similar to the common mode of etching, that the shadows are bitten into copper by *aqua-fortis*, from which the lights are de-

fended by a prepared *granulated* ground. Through the minute interstices of this ground the aquafortis is admitted, and forms a kind of wash. In the composition of this *granulation*, the great secret of the art consists; and different artists have their different modes of preparing their ground. Some also strengthen the aquatinta wash by the use of the needle, as in common etching, which, in landscape especially, has a good effect. The secret of the art, however, does not entirely consist in preparing and laying on the ground. Much experience is necessary in the management of it.

The great advantage of this mode of etching is, that it comes nearer to drawing than any other species of working on copper: the shades are thrown in by a wash, as if with a brush. It is also, when perfectly understood, favourable to dispatch. In general, indeed, it seems better adapted to a rough sketch than a finished work; yet in skilful hands, when aided by the needle or graver, it may be carried to a great height of elegant finishing.

On the other hand, the great disadvantage of this mode of etching arises from the difficulty of making the shades graduate softly into the lights. When the artist has made too harsh an edge, and wishes to burnish it off, there is often a middle tint below it; in burnishing off the one, he disturbs the other; and instead of leaving a soft graduating edge, he introduces in its room an edging of light.

Aquatinta was first introduced into England, though but little known, about forty or fifty years ago, by a Frenchman of the name of La Princesse. It has since been improved by several artists. Sanby used it very happily in several of his prints; Jukes, also, and Malton have done some good things in this way; but Alken carried it to the highest degree of perfection, and had some secret in preparing and managing his ground, which gives his prints a very superior effect.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

PRESENT STATE OF FINE ARTS  
IN ENGLAND, AT THE CLOSE  
OF 1805.

MESSRS. Boydell's Shakespeare, Bowyer's History, Macklin's Poets, and some other great works, being completed without any similar establishments in their room, and the convulsions of Europe having afforded so many facilities to such as purchase ancient and foreign pictures in preference to those of living artists, presents but a dreary prospect to the English professors of either painting or engraving. Though it must be admitted, that in some instances home-made productions were not worthy of the subjects selected from the poet, or the prices paid by the employer, yet it must also be admitted, that among a few genuine specimens of fine art, which have been consigned from abroad, there have been many inferior and damaged pictures, and many fabricated copies, smoked into antiquity, and sold at treble the prices, for which superior pictures from English painters might have been purchased.

To counteract these alarming circumstances, the British Institution, now established at what was lately the Shakespeare Gallery, in Pall-mall, embraces a number of objects that promise essential benefit to the English school.

The plan is as follows.

1. The object of the establishment is to facilitate by a public exhibition the sale of the productions of British artists, to encourage the talents of young artists, by premiums, and by the annual application of such funds as may be obtained for that purpose; to endeavour to form a great and public gallery of the works of British artists, together with a few select specimens of the great schools.

2. The exhibition and the gallery to be exclusively confined to the productions of artists of, or resident in the united kingdom.

3. Historical pictures and land-



scapes to be the preferable subjects of premiums and of purchases for the gallery ; but other works of the above-mentioned artists to be admissible, if deemed worthy.

4. A preference to be given to such pictures as have been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

5. The funds to be derived from benefactions, from annual subscriptions, from small fees on reception of the pictures, and commissions on the sale of them.

6. The members of the establishment to be admitted in seven different classes. 1. Benefactors of one hundred guineas or more in one sum. 2. Benefactors of fifty guineas in one sum. 3. Annual subscribers of five guineas or more. 4. Benefactors of thirty guineas in one sum. 5. Annual subscribers of three guineas. 6. Benefactors of ten guineas in one sum. 7. Annual subscribers of one guinea a year. These rules are followed by several others, relative to the admission of subscribers, &c. ; and it is stated that benefactors of one hundred guineas or upwards shall have the same privileges as the others in perpetuity, and be the hereditary patrons of the establishment ; and out of that body the president and treasurer is to be annually elected ; the whole to be under the government of a committee consisting of fifteen directors. It is further stated, that the reception-fees on pictures exhibited, shall be in proportion to the size of the picture, and not to its intrinsic value ; and that the commission on the sale is to be one shilling in the pound ; and that the rooms are to be shut up during the time of the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Several first rate artists, among whom, are sir Wm. Beechey and Mr. Westall, are preparing pictures for this institution ; and Mr. Ward, by the advice of the marquis of Stafford, who gave him fifty guineas for the original sketch, exhibits the picture of *The Lybaya Serpent* seizing its prey ; the size of which is upwards of twelve feet by nine. The same artist has lately painted for

lord Somerville two landscapes, comprising very picturesque views, taken from part of his lordship's estate in Somersetshire ; also, two dogs and a puppy, of the Dalmatian breed, the property of captain Basset ; this is painted in the manner of Hondius, and is a most spirited performance. From seeing a very capital picture of a white horse by Vandyke, in the royal collection, Mr. Ward has been induced to paint in imitation of the manner a portrait of *Adonis*, his majesty's favourite Hanoverian charger ; and it is a very correct and spirited production. Mr. Ward is now engaged in painting several pictures for the duke of Bedford, sir Watkin Williams Wynne, &c. He occasionally engraves, and is now engaged in a mezzotinto of the present bishop of Gloucester, from Lawrence, which promises to be a very superior print.

For his Italian views, Mr. Freebairne has been long pre-eminent : the poetic taste with which they are conceived ; the appropriate character with which they are delineated ; and the classic purity with which they are coloured, entitles them to a high rank with all men of taste. His right to this character is displayed in some pictures now in his painting-room. One of them is a view of the Bay of Naples, with the promontory of Pausillipo, in which was situated Virgil's academy ; the Port of Civita Vecchia ; the Vale of Tempe, and a scene in the environs of Delphi. To show that he can give to English scenery its appropriate graces, he has painted some English views ; a view on the Thames near Marlow, which he has lately completed, is in an admirable style ; it is a morning scene, with the boats, barges, and craft going off ; the water painted in a beautiful transparent manner, with English barges, English boats, and English figures.

Nollekins, whose taste and talents as a sculptor are so well known, whose female figures have been remarked for elegance and grace, has just finished two statues of Venus, as large as life, and extremely beauti-

ful. In one of them, she is represented as putting on her sandal; in the other, adjusting her hair. He has also finished a new bust of Mr. Fox. Of the old bust, it is a remarkable circumstance, and exhibits a singular proof of the popularity of the original, as well as of the merit of the sculptor, that Nollekins has carved in stone fifteen, at one hundred guineas each, for the following distinguished personages. The late empress of Russia, the prince of Wales, the duke of Norfolk, duke of Northumberland, duchess of Devonshire, lord Moira, lord Townshend, lord Holland, duke of Bedford, lord William Russell, Mr. Byng, Mr. Baker, the East India company, sir Francis Burdett, lord St. Vincent, Mr. Long, &c., &c. He has in hand a monumental statue of the late Mr. Townley, the proprietor of the capital collection of statues, which are to be removed to the British Museum. The above is to be erected in the chancel of the church at Burnley, Lancashire, which was built by some of Mr. Townley's family.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH AFRICAN COLONY AT BULAM.

MUCH as all must wish the abolition of slavery and the promotion of a commendable intercourse with the inhabitants of Africa, the colonizing scheme possesses more of romantic virtue than of true wisdom. The object to be accomplished seems too vast for the means employed, and the good to be effected lies at a remote distance. We may hope that, in time, Africa will be civilized; but the occupation by Europeans of a few inconsiderable islands, on a small part of its western coast, does not promise to make any extensive impression on the sentiments and manners of its inhabitants. In reply, however, it might be said that every thing must have a beginning;

and that Africa can only be civilized by bringing her in contact with more enlightened nations, and by establishing a communication between her and the christian world, on principles at least not abhorrent to christianity. Such were the views of the projectors of the Bulam expedition.

In the year 1791, Mr. Beaver, being then a lieutenant of the royal navy, out of employ, and preferring an active life to lounging about the capital, formed several schemes which were not executed, and at last engaged with a few gentlemen in attempting a settlement on the uninhabited island of Bulam, near the mouth of the Grande. Having advertised their plan, many subscribers were soon obtained; and on April 13, 1792, little more than three months after the commencement of the project, *two hundred and seventy-five* colonists, including men, women, and children, left England, in three vessels, the Calypso, Hankey, and Beggar's Benison, for the place of their destination.

With such haste and inexperience was this affair concerted, that they illegally proceeded to form a constitution for the future regulation of the colony, without the approbation of government. The motives, indeed, were highly creditable to the gentlemen concerned, and, if their measures were irregular, they could not be attributed to sedition: for their sole objects were to purchase land in Africa from those who claimed a right to the soil, and not to take forcible possession of it; to try whether it could not be cultivated by free natives, to induce the degraded Africans to labour and industry, and to ameliorate their condition by the introduction of religion and letters.

It will easily be supposed that a number of colonists, who were hastily obtained from all quarters by means of public advertisements, did not all enter into these sublime views; and that the majority of them did not weigh the nature of the undertaking, but engaged in it with the hope of exchanging their present ills



for some happy region beyond the Atlantic. Scarcely, however, were they embarked when discontents arose; and Mr. Beaver perceived that he had collected individuals whose character and conduct did not augur success.

Soon after they sailed, the *Calypso* parted company; and though the vessels were appointed to rendezvous at Teneriffe, previously to their proceeding for Bulam, the *Calypso*, which first arrived at the former island, did not wait for its companions, but made all haste to reach the latter; and its crew having imprudently taken forcible possession of it, they were attacked by the Africans, and several of them were slain and made prisoners.

When Mr. Beaver arrived, after an interesting voyage in the *Hankey*, he found the first detachment of settlers dispirited by this melancholy circumstance, and the majority of the adventurers soon resolved on abandoning the colony, in the *Calypso*. He prevailed, however, on a part to persevere in their original intention; and having made a purchase of the island of Bulama, so it is called in Africa, from the neighbouring kings, he took possession of it on July 19, 1792, with only 86 colonists, besides 4 seamen and a boy, who had unanimously voted him their president.

In a journal written on the island, from the sailing of the *Calypso* to its final evacuation on November 29, 1793, Mr. B. presents an afflicting account of their hardships and gradual mortality. Of the 275 persons who sailed from England, in order to settle on the island, there remained to him, after eleven months were elapsed, only three white and two black men, with two boys; who, together with three sailors, made the whole strength of the colony! His own exertions were so severe and unremitting, that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of them without transcribing almost all his journal.

When he saw the settlers almost daily falling sacrifices to the unheal-

thiness of the climate, and to despondency of mind, it is surprising that his own firmness remained unshaken; and that he himself should have survived several attacks of fever with which he was afflicted. On the day following his recovery from a severe illness he records the following particulars:

Between seven and eight in the evening I could no longer articulate; but was seized with a rattling in my throat, which I conceived to be a symptom of my no very distant dissolution. I was still sensible; and, indeed, for an hour after this rattling first seized me. It was now that I heard every one say that it was all over; and that captain Cox, sitting by the sky-light almost immediately over me, said that to-morrow he should have orders to get ready to sail for England. This, now that I am better, Mr. Munden and Mr. Aberdeen, the only two members of the committee, have confirmed; as they had made up their minds to give such orders the moment that I was dead; for neither of them would take charge of the colony, and indeed, if they would, nobody would have staid when I was gone.

I can with truth aver, that if in these moments I had the least wish to live, it was to preserve this colony. Death, if thou never comest clothed in greater terrors, I shall never be afraid to meet thee; for the happiest moments of my existence were those, when I expected to cease to be. May my future life be such as to enable me always to meet thee thus!

About nine, I fell into a dose; and did not awake until late next morning, the 16th, when I was out of danger; and am this day well enough to sit up a little.

Afterwards, on December 18, 1792, on his recovering from a subsequent fever, his memorandums are:

Continue to get better. A fine breeze from the N. E. Peter and my man continue at work, but what is their work to what we have to do? It is like a drop of water compared with the ocean. Peter



is weak with a slight flux, and Waston is not very strong. Died, and was buried, Joseph Riches. Myself well enough to walk about a little; the N. E. wind continued to blow fresh all day, the therm. in the morning was 72, and has not risen higher than 77; in short, it has been the coolest and pleasantest day that I have yet experienced on the island. Its bracing coolness has almost cured me, who have been from day-light till dark exposed to it, while our indolent sick have been pent up all day in their stinking eating house, which has scarcely been cleaned since they came on shore, rather than exert themselves so much as to go into this renovating air. In the evening, when we leave off work, Peter goes on board the cutter; and my man and myself remain to defend the block-house! 'tis well we are not attacked. Since the departure of the Hankey, I have had no one to speak to, no conversation. I do not think it safe to show lights, and therefore cannot read in the evening; indeed, my head at present could not bear it; so that, after we leave off work, I sit about two hours alone in the dark, in sullen deliberation on what we are to do on the morrow, and then go to bed. How different this, from the life I have been accustomed to!

Since the first of this month, of 19 men, 4 women, and 5 children, we have buried 9 men, 3 women, and 1 child, which is, except one, half of the whole colony. It is melancholy no doubt, but many have absolutely died through fear. More courage, and greater exertions, I firmly believe, would have saved many of them; but a lowness of spirits, a general despondency, seems to possess every body. When taken ill, they lie down and say that they know they shall die; and, what is very remarkable, I have never yet known one recover after having, in such a manner, given himself up.

To relieve the colonists in their severe labour, and to supply the deficiencies occasioned by the ravages

of mortality, Mr. B. hired Grumetas, or native African servants: who were very useful in burning the wood, in clearing and inclosing the ground intended to be planted, and in erecting the block-house, which was intended as the citadel, or place of shelter and defence. At last, however, the number of settlers being reduced to six, of whom three were ill and one was lame, he was obliged to yield to their determination to quit the island; after the block-house had been constructed, and nearly 15 acres of ground were cleared and inclosed.

I must confess, says he, that in going out of the harbour I feel a great reluctance at being obliged to abandon a spot which I have certainly very much improved; and to see all my exertions, my cares, and anxieties for the success of this infant colony entirely thrown away. But, at the same time, I do feel an honest consciousness that every thing that could be reasonably expected from me has been done, to secure, though without success, its establishment.

As Mr. Beaver seems to have been the very soul of this expedition, we shall give a full length view of this indefatigable colonist; it will teach us how much it is possible for a man to do for himself and others. This enterprizing man is, in many respects, a second or new Robinson Crusoe, and his adventures are more instructive and little less amusing than those of De Foe's hero.

Though I am not an advocate for Rousseau's mode of educating his Emilius, yet I cannot help thinking that the more practical knowledge one can acquire, the better; it makes a man acquainted with his own resources, and a less dependent being. I therefore, so far as relates to myself only, consider my time on the island of Bulama, independent of the motives which led me to, or kept me there, instead of being thrown away, as the best spent period of my life; for I was so completely thrown upon myself, as to be obliged to rely more upon my

own individual resources and exertions, than I otherwise, probably, ever should have done.

For one year of that time I had not an individual to converse with; and lived almost as much the life of a hermit, as if there had not been another human being on the island. It is true that I set every body to work, and directed them what to do, but there our intercourse ceased: their work done, the Grumetas retired to their houses, the settlers to their rooms, except at the latter part of my stay on the island, when, in order to keep up for Mr. Hood, the only surviving subscriber, some degree of respect, which he appeared to me to be fast losing, I always had him to dinner with me, which occupied the hour between one and two.

Besides, during the seventeen months that I remained on the island, I had occasion, and indeed was obliged, to practise more occupations and professions, though I never before had a tool of any kind in my hand, than would otherwise have ever been the case, in the whole course of my life. To wit:

1st. Carpenter.—In all its branches, from that of making a broom-stick to that of building a house.

2d. Joiner.—In such works as making chairs, tables, stools, shelves, and cupboards, &c.

3d. Sawyer.—Which I found the most difficult of the whole.

4th. Brick-maker.

5th. Tanner.—When I left the island I had just finished tanning a number of goat skins, for the bottoms of a set of chairs.

6th. Thatcher.

7th. Chandler.—I made candles, both dips and moulds.

8th. Rope-maker.—I was obliged to make a great deal of rope before I could leave the island with the cutter.

9th. Sail-maker.

10th. Caulker.

11th. Plasterer.

12th. Carcase butcher.—It more than once fell to my lot to skin and

cut up a bullock, which had been killed for the colonists.

Among those which are dignified by the name of professions, may be reckoned,

1st. Engineer.—If the fixing upon the ground, and tracing the line of a square fort, with a bastion at each angle, will confer it.

2d. Architect.—Insomuch as the drawing the plan, elevation, and section of the block-house, ere it was commenced, can entitle me to it.

3d. Surveyor.

4th. Apothecary.—With this difference, in practice, that I never *made a bill*.

Indeed that practice was confined to one disease only, fever. To each man that came to me with it, I gave four grains of tartar emetic, or fifteen of ipecacuanha, which having operated, he had as much bark in port wine as he could swallow, while the fit was not on him: to women and children the dose was less, in proportion to their strength and constitution. This must be understood as being done after the surgeon had left us only, and this was the utmost extent of my sins in this profession.

I might greatly increase both lists were it necessary. Some of the employments were not, certainly, very dignified; however, to make amends, I was honoured with very fine, nay magnificent, titles. The Portuguese always called me governor; the Bijugas, capitano; but all the other nations, king (rey). If, therefore, I felt humbled, by the low employment of stripping a bullock of its hide, I might the next hour not only recover my importance, but feel more exalted than I had before felt humbled, by being accosted with the title of rey. And again, if the title of king should turn my head with vanity and pride, I might the next day be brought to a more just estimation of my consequence by being obliged to cook for the colonists.

Long as is this catalogue of trades and professions, which Mr. B. followed during his residence on the

island of Bulam, it is not complete. He should have added that of *clergyman*; for, whenever his health would permit, he read prayers to the colony on Sundays.

Among the causes of the failure of the expedition, Mr. Beaver enumerates, as the principal, the carrying men of the most infamous character and vicious habits; the arriving on the coast of Africa in the rainy season; and the omitting to carry out the frame and materials of a house or houses, sufficient to secure the whole colony on their arrival from the rains and from the sun. The secondary causes were the act of hostility of the natives on the crew of the *Calypso*, the ravages of the fever, and the general despondency. Yet, though a series of untoward circumstances forced him to abandon the enterprize, he flatters himself that their labour was not uselessly employed, and that the time spent on the island was not altogether lost. He thinks that he succeeded in effecting a favourable alteration in the minds of the Africans relative to the character of the Europeans, and in particular of the English. He regards also the material points of inquiry as completely established, viz., that tropical productions can be propagated on the island of Bulama and on the adjacent shores; that this can be performed by means of free natives; and that, by cultivation and commerce, civilization can be introduced among them. From being able to accomplish what they did effect, and considering the incompetency of their force to command respect, he infers that, had the expedition been planned with more wisdom, and executed with more energy, his conclusions would have been substantiated by important facts.

The island of Bulama is about seven leagues in length, its breadth various, from five to two leagues; the land rises gradually, generally speaking, from the shore, to the moderate height of about 50 feet above the level of the sea, and appears to be covered with wood,

though there are some natural savannahs in it, and some places cleared by its former inhabitants, or late Bijuga lords; the soil is every where rich and prolific, and affords ample pasturage to innumerable elephants, buffaloes, deer, and other wild animals which graze on its surface; the sea, which abounds with excellent fish of various kinds; in short, here reigns abundance of every thing requisite to the comforts of savage life.

Its general appearance is that of the most luxuriant vegetation. It seems to have been produced in one of nature's happiest moods.

As to the territory comprized between Cape Roxo and Ghinala, an extent of about 180 miles, in the whole world, one cannot be found more rich and fertile. The animals, as well as vegetables, are of various kinds; among the former are elephants, and on these huge yet peaceable animals several attacks were made by the colony: but Mr. B. was so much affected by the cries of two which they succeeded in killing, that he resolved never more to annoy them. Among the vegetables which were cultivated, rice, yams, manioc, Indian corn or maize, ground nuts, plantains, bananas, pumpkins, water melons, oranges, limes, pine apples, papaws, &c., &c. are the chief; and of those which are wild, the sugar cane, cotton shrub, and indigo plant seem the most valuable: besides which, there are trees of almost every size and texture.

Mr. B. insists upon the following principles as those by which a colony on the coast of Western Africa ought to be established:

First, that no land be ever taken from the natives by force; and that we do not ever make a settlement without their consent. We should even re-purchase the land already bought, rather than our right to it be disputed.

The second is, that no person can be employed as a slave in any of our settlements, nor on board any ship or vessel belonging to the colonists.



At the same time that the employment of slaves is prohibited to the European colonists, these must also be forbidden to interfere in the smallest degree whatever with the employment of them by the native kings or chiefs, in their own towns or territories. Nothing must be done against their independence. The abolition of that execrable trade must be left to the gradual, but sure, operation of reason, and example. Should we endeavour to prevent the native chiefs from selling slaves, so sudden, and so violent, a check to one of their immemorial customs, the reason, the policy, or the justice of which it is impossible for them at first to comprehend, would ill dispose them towards us, and make them either treacherous friends or open enemies to the success of our undertaking; at the same time that not one slave less would be annually sold, notwithstanding our ill-advised and absurd attempts to prevent it; and by such means the slave trade never will be abolished. Whereas if these people are left to themselves, and to the operation of reason and example, without the smallest shock to any of their customs or prejudices, I question very much if a slave will ever be seen in any native town of the colony at the expiration of fifteen or twenty years. But if a misguided zeal for the abolition of slavery be manifested, it will tend to prolong its continuance, and the colony never can, and never will flourish. The absurdity of very well meaning persons, in thinking that they can overcome vices, customs, or prejudices, immemorially rooted in an unenlightened people, by shocking, instead of gradually enlightening their understandings, has done a great deal of mischief already.

To begin by telling a native chief, the instant you have got into his country, that of his six wives he must put away five, because it is a great sin, and forbidden by the laws of God, to have more than one, will certainly astonish the chief, but will not induce him to part from his wives.

As to the word sin, it is impossible that it can convey any idea to him; it is not within the limits of possibility for him to comprehend the idea which it is meant to convey; and of the laws of God he will have as little knowledge. But he will know that it is the custom, and ever has been, in this country, for every man to keep as many wives as he can afford; and that he is respected in proportion to the number of them which he maintains. Now, to insist upon his parting from the cause of his respect, without assigning any comprehensible reason for his so doing, betrays a more barbarous mind than the one intended to be enlightened.

If, after this, the same person goes on, and tells the chief, that drunkenness is also a sin, and that he must give up drinking spirits; in short, that he will not sell him any, nor suffer any to be sold to him for the future; the chief, who has been accustomed to drink spirits, and to see every one else do the same, when it was to be procured, will begin to think this European a little unreasonable, and will not be desirous of having him for a neighbour. But if the European goes on, and tells him that he must change his religion and become a christian, or else when he dies that he will be tormented for ever, this chief will probably inquire what he means by being a christian, that he may avoid this fate. When his European instructor goes on from one dogma to another, all alike unintelligible in the present intellectual state of the chief, the belief in which, he tells him, is essential to his salvation: the latter, who thought him unreasonable at first, now thinks him outrageously so; and that he is either a madman, a fool, or an impostor; and to get rid of people professing such doctrines will be his constant endeavour. Absurd as such conduct must appear, I have seen conduct towards a native chief yet more so; and much mischief has already been done by the fanatical zeal of some misguided people. I could give instances, but they are

so incredibly extravagant, that they would scarcely find credit among sober-minded people. If conduct like this be pursued in the intended colony, it will never succeed, and the condition of the natives will never be improved.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### A NEW SPECIES OF HORN MUSIC.

JOHN AUTHONY MARESCH was born in Bohemia, in 1719, and was early taught music, especially to blow the French horn: at the same time he learned to play on the violoncello; and indeed every prudent professor on a wind instrument ought likewise to be well versed on some string instrument, as many accidents may impair his mouth or his breath. In Berlin he was patronized by count Bestuchef, whom, in 1748, he attended to Petersburg. Here he had the honour of performing on the French horn before the empress Elizabeth, who was surprised and charmed with his ease in executing the most difficult passages, as well as with the soft and agreeable tone he blew from his instrument, which had never before been heard to such perfection in Russia. The empress engaged him immediately in her service, and he had apartments assigned him in the palace of marshal Narischkin, grand-master of the hunt, the theatre, and the chapels.

Occupied in amending the discordant hunting horns, Maresch invented the music which we are going to describe: an invention which will cause him to be remembered in the musical world, long after he is forgotten as a French horn player.

In 1751, marshal Narischkin ordered Maresch to get all his hunting horns tuned regularly, whereas hitherto they had been used just as they came from the coppersmith, which made a most disagreeable noise when blown on together, even to the least musical ear.

This was done in D, F sharp, A,

D, and sixteen performers were appointed to quadruple this chord when necessary, and occasionally to sound a correct third, fifth, or octave.

The marshal, who was himself a judge of music, was desirous of having these horns accompany other instruments, which at that time appeared very difficult, as the performers knew nothing of music, and each could only blow his single note on his own horn. Maresch set about this with spirit, and caused horns to be made for two complete octaves including the semi-tones, tuned according to the temperature of the organ and other keyed instruments.

He then had to teach a number of young men to count 1, 2; 1, 2, 3; 1, 2, 3, 4; &c., uniformly, and accurately in time. When they were perfect in this, he wrote all the tones which were in the whole partition of the pieces to be played, each separately, and as these performers, being merely Russian peasants, were not acquainted with notes, he specified all the rests by numerical figures which they were to count till they came to a black spot, when they were to sound their horn, and continue that sound precisely so long as was expressed by different marks which they had to learn, though, as each horn could only produce one sound, lines were unnecessary. The key note, its name, and to which octave it belonged, was written on each piece.

In order to teach them to count the time correctly, he was obliged to make use of a bell: the clang of the horns being so great as to shake the room, so much that no other kind of sound could be heard.

The entire harmony required twelve French horns, two trumpets, and two common post horns. The first four pieces were in D; thus six French horns were in D, two in A, two in G, one in C sharp, and one in E, to supply the middle and lowest tone which are wanting in the horns in D.

Instead of kettle drums, two machines were made in the shape of a



drum: in each was a cylinder, which when turned round struck four bells, tuned according to the two chords, D, F sharp, A, D, and A, C sharp, E, A.

This music lasted about a year; but it was subject to the inconvenience of procuring the performers from different houses, which could not be done at all times.

Maresch was therefore ordered by the marshal to teach the French horn to twelve of his own people, in order to have no need of strangers; and he was to enable them to perform in concert within a twelve-month. This appeared next to impossible, because on every other instrument the precise place can be pointed out, so as to make the tone required, but not so on the French horn and trumpet, so that whoever is not already versed in music, as a singer, a player on the harpsichord, bass, flute, or some such instrument, cannot in many years become a good French horn player. This brought him to consider whether something might not be effected with their monotonous horns. Hence the first idea of the Russian horn music.

His scholars had not the least knowledge of music, and could neither read nor write; but, as the Russians have naturally a good musical ear, in a few months he taught them to execute with tolerable precision an easy trio. This music, executed publicly, gave such satisfaction, that, in 1757, being performed at Moscow before the empress, she gave orders that Maresch might take any of the musicians from the imperial chapel to complete his band. This now became an imperial band, and the empress ordered that any of the performers who chose, should be taught to play on various instruments at her expence.

In 1773, this band performed an entire opera at Moscow, and in 1775, the opera of *Alceste*. In 1777, it had risen to such a pitch of perfection as to execute with the same precision as any other orchestra, though with much greater effect, the overtures of Henry IV, *le Deserteur*,

*la belle Arsenie, le Tableau parlant, le Marchand de Smirne, Zemire et Azor, &c.*

Fugues in four parts were likewise performed in a far superior manner than could be done on any organ, as the low notes were all doubled. A difficulty still remained relative to tuning the horns, which was conquered by fixing a brass cap with two screws at the end of each horn, so that, by shortening or by lengthening it, the true tone might be obtained.

Maresch about this time was attacked by apoplexy, which in 1789 deprived him entirely of his speech, and of the use of his right arm; which attack he survived till 1794.

---

#### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### A MODERN KNIGHT ERRANT.

A LIEUTENANT in a French regiment, which had been reduced, was allowed a pension of two hundred livres (forty dollars) till he could be replaced; which, with another two hundred (forty more) as an ancient pupil of the royal military school, formed the whole of his income. He was also decorated with the order of our Lady of Mount Carmel, or of St. Lazarus. He learned to limit his wants within his narrow means. Full of zeal, of spirit, and of resources, he was desirous of employing the interval of exemption from service in examining the armies of the principal powers of Europe: but with finances so contracted as his were, he would have found it difficult to fulfil that project, had he not been aided by a sort of philosophy which soared far above common ideas. He resolved to travel on foot, with a havresac on his back. He proceeded in this way through the duchy of Wirtemberg, and the electorate of Bavaria, and arrived at Vienna, where he introduced himself to the French ambassador, by whom he was civilly received, and



invited to dine on a day fixed. The minister, informed of his mode of travelling, advised him to observe secrecy on that head, while he resided in the Austrian capital: but he gave his excellency to understand that he was not to be catechized, and he was allowed to follow his own discretion. When the appointed day came, he appeared at the dinner of the ambassador, who, full of attention, presented every delicacy to the officer, which was uniformly declined. "You have no appetite (said the minister), since you refuse every thing that I offer to you." "It is because I have finished my dinner (the other replied); soup and beef are all that I require. If I took any thing more, the ordinary dinners which my small means will allow me would become unpleasant, and my health would suffer by it. We diminish ourselves by increasing our wants, and we aggrandize ourselves by contracting them." The intelligence which he displayed induced an Austrian commander to invite him to view the manœuvres of the imperial troops, of which proposal he was glad to avail himself, since this was the principal object of his journey.

After a sufficient stay at Vienna, in the course of which he made many observations on the formalities of the court, and still more on the Austrian military tactics, he took his leave of the ambassador, who gave him letters to the French minister at Berlin. Several Frenchmen of rank, who were quitting Vienna for the Prussian capital at the same time with our chevalier, pressed him to accept of a place in their carriages: but his resistance was not to be overcome. "I have made it a law to myself," replied he, thanking them, "to travel on foot as long as my strength will hold out. In this mode, objects are less liable to escape an attentive eye; and the art of judging well of them is only to be purchased with labour." The ambassador at Vienna had

given very flattering accounts of the young officer to the minister at Berlin, if we may judge from the agreeable reception which he experienced.

The prince of Prussia, to whom the French minister had spoken of the original and interesting character of the lieutenant, was desirous of seeing him: but it was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to be presented. The prince, however, loaded him with kindness, and offered to announce him to the king; but he entreated him to suspend this last favour, it being less his desire to be made known to the hero, than to admire his trophies, his works, and his genius. The prince, in compliance with his intreaty, only solicited for him the monarch's permission that he might attend the grand manœuvres at Potzdam, which was obtained. On the day when the manœuvres were to commence, he presented himself at Potzdam; and the hussars who kept the ground permitted him to pass. He stood alone in the midst of the immense plain, when three superb chargers were brought to him from the prince royal, with the desire that he should mount that which pleased him best. He begged to decline the offer: but the equeerry observed to him that he could not without a horse get out of the way of the troops during their manœuvres, that the king's orders were express that no pedestrian should be admitted, and that he must mount or quit his station. The chevalier replied, that, since matters were so, he would retire whenever it was proper. The prince, informed of the determination of the chevalier, imparted it to the king, who ordered that the troops should regard the French officer as an obstacle in their way, and consequently avoid him whenever they passed over the ground on which he stood.

Never had the chevalier seen troops so brilliant, nor so admirably disciplined. Intelligence seemed to

pervade the ranks of the veteran bands which Frederic had conducted to glory. It appeared as if the royal hero felt pride in exhibiting their admirable evolutions to the French observer. Those of the cavalry above all excited his astonishment; the columns, advancing in full gallop with incredible speed, were able to make an opening when they approached him, as if he had been some terrific gulph. Cool and intrepid in the midst of the dusty whirlwind, and charmed with a spectacle so instructive, he was alive only to admiration.

He was at last persuaded to be introduced to the king. When in the presence, Frederic said, "They have informed me that you were desirous not to see me, though you do not hate me."—"Sire, I feared to look a great man in the face, and my littleness sought concealment."—"These qualities do not belong to us. I am informed of your worth, and I would gladly be of use to you."—"With a strong mind, and few wants, your majesty is not ignorant that one enjoys the tranquillity of the sage."—"Yes, but I know your situation. You are free; trust your destiny to me, and accept of a company of dragoons in my service."—"Ah! sire, I fall at your feet with gratitude, but what would your majesty think of me, if after my education had cost the king my master ten thousand livres, I renounced his service? A younger brother from Gascony, I have nothing more noble to give him in discharge of my debt, than a devotion which knows no bounds, zeal, and courage."—"These sentiments honour you in my estimation. Well, be at ease; I will obtain permission for you to remain in my service till you are restored to your rank."—"The more your majesty abounds in generosity, of which it is impossible that I should be worthy, the more am I emboldened to state that I am prompted by real delicacy not to avail myself of your powerful influence. It is under the triumphant eagle of Prussia, under him who

rendered it such, that admiration would fix me, if I were not a Frenchman: but born with this fair title, I ought to preserve it free even from suspicion." Frederic applauded this virtuous resignation.

At the end of three weeks the chevalier one morning imparted to the French minister the low state of his finances. He had scarcely touched on this point, before the ambassador thus thought within himself: "Behold the pretended philosopher, like many others, is come to the end of his part; he is about to apply to my purse; let me deliver him from his embarrassment by opening it to him."—"Do you chance to be in want of money?" the minister suddenly asked him.—"Money! Oh! no, I have yet twenty crowns, I have wherewith to support me for two months: but they will be gone, and then I shall have nothing. A year's pension is in arrear to me; can you write to the minister of war, and get it paid to me at Berlin? If this can be done, I shall be able to extend my travels to Russia; if it cannot, I must return to France."—"Why should I not pay it to you in advance, and wait to be reimbursed?"—"I return you thanks, but that would have the appearance of a loan, and I never accept any. If they do not pay me, I must return to France; that will be all the inconvenience." The ambassador wrote: and when the time necessary in order to receive an answer had passed, he feigned that he was ordered to pay it from the funds of the embassy; the chevalier received the small pittance which he claimed, and set out for the north.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### JERSEY.

THE small island of Jersey, in the English channel, exhibits, in many respects, a most extraordinary picture of prosperity. In some



points of view, its condition is no less disastrous and deplorable; and this union of good and bad circumstances in its condition is that which renders it so worthy of notice.

The isle contains twenty-five thousand acres, or a little less than forty square miles. Its inhabitants, in 1771, exceeded twenty-two thousand persons, which, of course, is five hundred and fifty persons to a square mile. Now there is no single county in England, except Middlesex, whose proportional population exceeds this. The populousness of Middlesex evidently arises from its containing in its bosom the overgrown metropolis of the whole empire. Surrey and Lancashire, which, next to Middlesex, are the most populous, contain little more than half the *proportional* population of Jersey, that is, their numbers are between three hundred and twenty and three hundred and fifty to a square mile.

A great population does not always prove a district to have a good soil, or to be well cultivated; nor, on the contrary, does a small population argue, necessarily, a bad soil, or poor culture; because, in the former case, the people may bring their bread and meat from a distance, and, in the latter case, their produce may be sent abroad, and consumed elsewhere.

Two districts equally peopled and of equal extent, and deriving all their bread and meat from their own soil, may not be equally cultivated, because in one may be raised such products, potatoes for example, of which one acre produces a larger quantity, with greater certainty, than of wheat or barley, which may alone be cultivated in the other.

Jersey, however, must be much if not well cultivated; that is, a very large proportion of the whole soil must be in tillage, because wheat, barley, and oats are chiefly raised; because none of its corn is exported; and because they import, in good seasons, no more than the subsistence of one third of the people.

The island, therefore, finds bread for more than fourteen thousand five hundred persons.

The actual number of acres in tillage has been ascertained to be about eight thousand acres, so that, in favourable seasons, one acre supplies bread to two persons. The remaining seventeen thousand acres are either uncultivable sand, clay, rock, or fen, or fallow ground, or employed as pasture or grass land for cattle, or set apart for roads, buildings, thickets, or forests. As the island is in general fertile, it follows that a much larger portion of the land than only one third, as at present, might be subjected to the plough or spade; that the sources of subsistence would be greatly augmented by the cultivation of potatoes, and other excellent roots; and that, instead of feeding only two thirds of its present population, comparatively vast as that is, it might conveniently maintain at least double the whole number.

These islanders are said to suffer innumerable evils from a bad government badly administered. Despotism is constitutionally established; the people are deprived of all power in the choice of their civil and religious governors; their laws are absurd, contradictory, vague, and obscure, and their judges arbitrary, corrupt, and cruel: and yet the island overflows with people. Is it true, that a small or great population of a country has no connection with the form or spirit of its government? or what cause is it that makes this isle thus populous in spite of injustice and tyranny?

The truth is, that the great population of Jersey is chiefly owing to the free tenure by which the land is holden, and the partibility of inheritances. Every proprietor may sell or divide his land as he pleases in his lifetime, and, at his death, it is divided among all his children or next heirs. The consequence of this is, that all large estates necessarily become small in a few generations, by being divided into many portions; that the whole commu-

nity are continually tending to the same level, in respect of property ; and that marriage is powerfully and generally promoted, by every one's possessing some portion of real estate. This single circumstance has raised the population to its present height, in spite of an *unjust* and oppressive government. The population would proceed much further, a greater portion of the ground would be cultivated, a much larger product would be drawn from the same field, by the introduction of better modes of cultivation, and of more profitable objects of culture, such as beets, carrots, turnips, and potatoes, and by the application of a larger capital and stock to farming, if the government were more just, and the laws more equitable in themselves, and more impartially administered. At present, the people are discouraged and impoverished by excessive and pernicious taxes, by arbitrary fines and causeless punishments, by exactions without number, and by penalties without limit. They have no voice, direct or indirect, in naming the meanest officers of government, which is, in both substance and form, an attribute and consequence purely despotic.

The land is sometimes divided into surprisingly small portions. In some instances, an estate of a hundred acres has, by incessant division, crumbled down to more than a hundred parts, consisting each of less than a single acre. On an average, however, the farms consist of ten acres, and various accidents continually occur to preserve them at this medium. What the thoughtless, the prodigal, or the rash fritter away into small parcels, the prudent, thrifty, and industrious collect together and amalgamate again. What a childless marriage preserves entire or augments, a numerous progeny divides : and these causes, operating alternately, keep things pretty much, upon the whole, at the same point.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

MILITARY STATE OF FRANCE.

DURING the reigns of Henry IV and Louis XIII, France having no garrison towns except Metz, and no standing armies being maintained by any of the powers of Europe, the peace establishment was on a very small scale. When Henry determined to make war on the duke of Savoy, he had in readiness not more than 6 or 7000 infantry, 1500 horse, and six pieces of cannon. From 1600 to 1609 he had not more than 7000 men on foot. For the war of Cleves, for which he was preparing when he was assassinated, he was preparing an army somewhat under 50,000 men.

In a reign of thirty-three years, Louis XIII was engaged in eleven wars, of which six were intestine, and he only enjoyed eleven years of peace. In time of war, this monarch had above 100,000 men in the field. Though the army was no more than doubled, the expences were quadruple their amount in the preceding reign ; so great had been the depreciation of money during that period.

At the peace of the Pyrenees, Louis XIV retained 125,000 men ; and the peace establishment which succeeded the treaty of Aix la Chapelle was 6000 more. In the war terminated by the treaty of Ryswick, France had an army of nearly 400,000 men ; and the peace establishment which followed did not exceed 140,000. After the peace of Utrecht, the exhausted state of Europe enabled the duke of Orleans to reduce the army to 132,000 men. In the successful war of 1733, the French force was little more than 200,000, the finest army which France ever had on foot. In the war of 1756, Louis XV had nearly 300,000 men in arms ; at the peace of 1762 he retained nearly 160,000. In 1789, the army consisted of upwards of 163,000 men. At the be-



ginning of 1792, the nominal force did not amount to 140,000, while the disposable did not exceed 83,000.

In 1792, above 120,000 Austrians, Prussians, Hessians, or emigrants, assembled in the Brisgau, the electorate of Treves, the duchy of Luxembourg, and the Low Countries, and menaced the French frontier from Henningen to Dunkirk; which was defended by 40,000 men dispersed through the four camps between Laudau and Potentrui: by 17,000 encamped at Fontoi between Londwi and Thionville; by 18,000 men encamped near Sedan, whose commander, La Fayette, had just fled, leaving his army completely deranged; and by 18,000 more in the several camps of Maubeuge, Pont-sur-Samber and Maulde; in all about 93,000 men, and all agitated by the events of the times, enervated by four years of licentiousness, destitute of almost every means of carrying on war, commanded by new officers, and by generals without reputation, who were the objects of universal distrust. Dispersed along the Rhine, the Moselle, the Meuse, and behind the strong places in the north, they were remote from those points of attack at which their presence was indispensable. A want of confidence prevailed between the commanders and the soldiers; officers, privates, and even whole regiments deserted their natal soil, and joined the standards of the enemy; and at this period, also, the Swiss troops were dismissed from the service of France.

Such was the state of things when the duke of Brunswick published his famous proclamations of the 25th and 27th of July, the offensive style of which united all parties against the invaders. The royalists, not less than the revolutionists, indignant at this arrogance which was sanctioned by no success, began to fear if not a partition at least a dismemberment of France; and thus all parties, however opposite in other respects, were agreed on the necessity of opposing the Germans with their utmost energy, should

they invade the French territory. This was the weak state of defence in which France was found, when the great powers of the continent threatened her on all the points of her frontier; this was the origin of that inauspicious struggle, which has ended so fatally for Europe; and such was the feeble commencement of that military force, which has since become so colossal. The turn which affairs took may partly be ascribed to the judgment and zeal of general Servan, minister of war: but the efficient causes were the enthusiasm of liberty which had possessed the multitude, and the just calculations of the sober part of the nation, which united all hearts and hands in resisting foreign subjugation. The folly and temerity which characterised the outset of the first coalition, have, unfortunately for the peace of the world, too much infected all their future councils and subsequent measures.

When the convention first assembled, the French frontier was either assailed or threatened by hostile armies to the amount of 300,000; which were opposed by numbers somewhat superior, but consisting, for the most part, of raw troops and inexperienced officers.

In 1794, France had under arms nearly 1,100,000 men. In the short space of a few months, the war of La Vendee swallowed up 46,000. In 1796, the French armies were somewhat short of 500,000, and they continued on much the same footing during the ensuing year. In May, 1798, Bonaparte set out for Malta and Egypt, with 32,375 men, the flower of all the armies.

On the breaking out of the second revolutionary war, the French troops were in a very reduced state; the public enthusiasm had disappeared, and it was necessary to have recourse to compulsion in order to recruit them. In August, 1798, it was decreed by the two legislative bodies that, while the country was in danger, every Frenchman was a soldier; and that an indefinite number, from the age of twenty to that of

twenty-five, in the way of military conscription, should join the armies, if the number of volunteers proved insufficient. Persons married, or widowers having children, were excepted. The conscripts were divided into five classes, each embracing those of each year. This measure has since been made a permanent law of the state. In 1799, the armed force of France did not amount to 300,000 men, including 60,000 employed in the interior, and the Egyptian army; the disposable force being only about 200,000.

In August, 1799, the two councils passed a law, which fixed the number of land forces at 566,420 men; of which 483,000 men were to be infantry, and 76,000 to be cavalry. The army of Egypt was not to be included in this number. In 1800, France had in active service 414,732 men; and in 1805, she had on foot 414,125.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XV.

LOUIS the fifteenth, though a flagitious prodigal of public money on national occasions, was a niggard on all occasions which affected him individually. He could not even bear to lose at play with La Valliere and Goutant. When unfortunate, he perceptibly murmured, and, to conceal his ill-humour, he would eat the wax from the tapers. The minute attention which he paid to his secret finances, which were managed by Bertin, proves how much he was infected with this failing. A thousand traits show that nature had rather formed him to be an attentive farmer general, living in the midst of pleasure and abundance, than to be governor of a great empire. A friend of Piron very well described him in his parody of an epitaph made at the time of his death by a celebrated academicien :

*Ci git Louis, ce pauvre roi,  
On dit qu'il fut bon, mais à quoi ?*

Here lies poor Louis; he was good,  
they say;  
Was he indeed? But good for what,  
I pray?

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF CLERMONT TONNERRE.

CLERMONT TONNERRE, bishop of Noyon, was a man of unmeasurable pride, and pushed his claims beyond all bounds. When preaching in his cathedral, he was once heard thus to commence his sermon; *Listen, thou christian mob (canaille), to the word of the Lord.* At another time, disturbed by the whispers of the inattentive, while he was celebrating mass, he turned towards the assembly, crying out: *Really, gentlemen, judging by the noise with which you fill the church, one would conclude that it was a lackey and not a firelate of rank who officiated.*—It was this bishop who, when seized with a dangerous illness, sent for his confessor, and made known to him his fears of hell. The courtly priest replied, "You are very good, my lord, thus gratuitously to terrify yourself: but God will think of it twice before he damns a person of your high birth." The bishop, it is said, was well satisfied with the answer, and very much admired it.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

HORACE is generally considered as the most *untranslatable* of writers. His poetry is, more than that of any other author, distinguished by the *curiosa felicitas*, that grace of language, which it is so difficult to catch and fix in any other tongue. Hence nobody can hope to succeed in making a mere translation of Horace. Instead of *trans-*



lating, we must *imitate*; instead of retaining all his images, with all their adjuncts, we must take them naked and disrobed of all their local and personal accompaniments, and provide them with a dress and situation entirely new and properly our own; instead of going back and placing ourselves in *his* situation, we must compel him to come forward and place himself in *our's*.

Thus no ancient writer has been oftener translated than Horace, yet nobody has met with any tolerable success in the undertaking; but when Pope thought proper to *imitate*, we immediately see a copy entirely worthy of the pattern. Horace himself appears to revive, to become a being of our own age, and a speaker of our own language, and thus enables us to form an adequate conception of his true character and genuine figure in the age of Augustus.

It is a pity that Pope confined his chief attention to the satires and epodes. Had he given us an English copy of the odes, in the same spirit, what an inestimable present would he have made to us! That he was as well qualified to *imitate* the odes as the essays can hardly be doubted; for if Horace were as well qualified to write odes as essays, there is strong reason for concluding that he who could imitate the one so successfully was also qualified to imitate the other. Indeed, this matter rests not merely on conjecture, but on proof. Take, for example, the following imitation, by Pope, of the first ode of the fourth book, addressed to Venus, and judge it with as much impartiality as can be mustered up by a classical scholar:

To number five\* direct your doves,  
There spread round Murray all your  
    blooming loves;  
Noble and young he strikes the heart!  
Equal the injur'd to defend;

\* The number of lord Mansfield's chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

With every sprightly, every decent  
part,

To charm the mistress, or to fix the  
friend;

He with a hundred arts refin'd,  
Shall stretch thy conquests over half thy  
kind;

To him each rival shall submit,  
Make but his riches equal to his wit.  
Then shall thy form the marble grace  
(Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend her  
face.

His house embosom'd in the grove,  
Sacred to social life and social love,  
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,  
Where Thames reflects the visionary  
scene:

Thither the silver-sounding lyres  
Shall call the smiling loves and young  
desires:

There every grace and muse shall  
throng,

Exalt the dance and animate the song:  
There youths and nymphs, in concert  
gay,

Shall hail the rising, close the parting  
day.

In thus successfully imitating Horace, we must take care to allow the copyist his full merit, and to place his merit altogether on a level with that of his pattern. Horace, in this case, would be a pattern or original in relation to Pope, but we must beware of considering the former as an *original* in a general and absolute sense. On the contrary, there is good reason for concluding that the odes of Horace are as much imitations of certain Greek lyric poets, as those of Pope would be of Horace. Independently, indeed, of this consideration, such imitations as Pope's evidently require as much genius for invention, taste for selection, and felicity of language as can be allowed to his original. Perhaps, indeed, it would not be rash to assert that more genius and taste are required to produce such parodies than to indite a composition, purely original, of equal merit; since the former are subjected to trammels and fetters, from which the latter are exempt, and the disadvantages of this restraint are by no means

outweighed by the benefit derived from the hints and clues afforded by the pattern.

B.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### USE OF WATER IN LANDSCAPE.

WATER is one of the grand accompaniments of landscape. So essential is it in adorning a view, that some of the most pleasing compositions fall under one or other of these three heads, *river scenery*, *lake scenery*, or *sea coast views*. The characteristics of these several modes are often blended; but in their simple forms, the first partakes most of *beauty*, the second introduces *grandeur*, on which the third almost entirely depends.

The *river view*, unless indeed the river be very grand, or the country sublime, may be merely a scene of rural pleasure. Flocks and herds may pasture on its banks, with shepherds and herdsmen.

The *lake scene*, in which wilder ideas predominate, rejects these trivial appendages, or changes them for such as are more suited to its dignity. Flocks and herds are by no means unnatural appendages even of such a scene; but banditti, gypsies, soldiers, or other wild characters, are more accommodated to it.

In *coast scenery*, if its character be preserved distinct, the ideas of grandeur rise very high. Winding bays, views of the ocean, promontories, rocks of every kind and form, estuaries, mouths of rivers, islands, shooting peninsulas, extensive sand banks; and all these adorned occasionally with castles, light-houses, distant towns, towers, harbours, all the furniture of navigation, and other incidental circumstances which belong to sea coasts, form a rich collection of grand and picturesque materials.

To all these circumstances of grandeur in the *coast view* (to which

the lake has little pretension), we may add those vast masses of light and shade which the ocean exhibits; and which often spreading many leagues unbroken and undisturbed, yet gradually fading away, give instances of grandeur which no land illumination can reach. To this we may add the brilliant hues, which are continually playing on the surface of a quiet ocean. Beautiful, no doubt, in a high degree, are those glimmering tints which often invest the tops of mountains: but they are mere corruscations compared with these marine colours, which are continually varying and shifting into each other in all the vivid splendour of the rainbow, through the space often of several leagues.

To these grand ideas, which accompany the *stillness* of the ocean, we may add the sublimity of *storms*. A raging sea, no doubt, breaks the *uniformity of light and colour*, and destroys, of course, that grandeur in the ocean which arises from the *continuation of the same idea*. But it substitutes another species of grandeur in its room. It substitutes immense masses of water, rising in some parts to an awful height, and sinking in others into dark abysses; rolling in vast volumes clashing with each other; then breaking and flashing light in every direction. All this is among the grandest exhibitions that water presents.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### CHESS, AN ANECDOTE.

THE following little incident is related by the famous Stillingfleet, at that time dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards bishop of Worcester:

When I was fellow of St. John's, I played much at chess; and being fond of it, I attained, as I thought, some degree of excellence; till at length, from beating all the young men at Cambridge who played with me, I began to think myself the best



chess player in England. It happened, on a visit to a friend in London, that an old German officer made one of the party. After dinner we went to different amusements, and it was proposed that he and I should play a game at chess, as we were both known to be chess players. I modestly threw my glove; but my heart beat with a full assurance of triumph. I soon, however, perceived, that my antagonist opened his game in a manner to which I had not been accustomed. This roused all my attention. But while I was defending myself in one quarter (for I quickly found I had to act only on the defensive) I received a severe blow on another. And while I was endeavouring to recover my disordered affairs, the enemy broke in upon me, and shamefully defeated me, without giving me an opportunity of displaying one instance of my prowess. I was convinced, however, that all this mischief had befallen me from too great confidence, and an incautious manner of opening the game. I begged another trial: but it ended in the same disgrace. My antagonist, by this time, was fully apprized what a hero he had to deal with; and, exulting in his success, desired me to fix upon any chamber on the board I pleased, and use all my strength merely to defend that single post: he engaged to attack no other. But in spite of all my endeavours he gave me check mate upon that very spot. Nay, he did it repeatedly; for my shame was now turned into admiration. I sat down therefore contented, and endeavoured to console myself by forming the disgrace I had suffered into a lesson against presumption.

I cannot, in return, said I, sir, tell you a story of my prowess at chess; but if you will give me leave, I will tell you one of my perseverance.

I played a game with a gentleman at my own lodgings, and was victorious. You have taken me, said he, rather inopportunately to-day; but if you will be vacant on Thursday, I shall be this way, and will demand

satisfaction. Accordingly on Thursday he came about eleven o'clock; and by the time we had played three games, two of which I had won, his horses came to the door. I cannot leave the matter thus, said he; if you can set any little matter before me, we will go on. Two games more were played, when, in the midst of the third, a bit of roasted mutton appeared: and by the time it was cold, I had defeated him again. I was now four or five games before him. Our intercourse, therefore, with the mutton was short; and we went to work again. I was still victorious, when the horses returned at six. This is provoking, said he, I cannot leave the matter thus. Can I have a bed at the inn? His orders to his servant now were, not to bring the horses till they were sent for. This was a melancholy note to me, fatigued, as I was already, beyond measure. However, as I was under some obligations to the gentleman, and in my own lodgings, I had no choice. The night ended late, and the morning began early. Breakfast came, the barber came, dinner came, all was negligently treated, except the main point. I sighed inwardly, and hoped this visitation would now soon have an end. It lasted, however, all that day; and I was still two games before my antagonist; though I had played as carelessly as I could, without discovering my indifference. As the evening drew on, and I expected every moment to hear a message sent for the horses, I was shocked with his telling me we could not part on these unequal terms. As the next day was Saturday, and he must of necessity, he said, then finish, he would try his fortune once more. So we continued nailed to our board, till a late hour on Friday night; and began again before breakfast, on Saturday morning. Towards the close of the day, our accounts differed in one game. But I was too complaisant to dispute the matter; so the horses were sent for, and I was delivered from such a trial of my patience, as I never before experienced.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

SHYLOCK VINDICATED.

EVERY body knows the story of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and how heavy a stigma the poet has fixed upon poor Shylock, and through him on his whole nation. The resemblance of Shakespeare's story to the following authentic relation will strike every reader, while the circumstances in which the two stories differ will serve, in some degree, to vindicate the poor Jews from the heavy load of prejudice under which they labour.

It was currently reported in Rome (says Gregorio Lati, in his *Life of Pope Sixtus V.*), that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo, in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer, Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lie." Such sort of wagers, it is well known, are often proposed by people of strong passions, to convince others that are incredulous or obstinate. Nothing is more common than to say, "I'll lay my life on it," "I'll forfeit my life if it is not true," &c.

Secchi, who was of a fiery, hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you 1000 crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut out the flesh, with a sharp knife, from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of

the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West Indies, which threw him almost into distraction, especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention.

Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of 1000 pistoles, as an equivalent for a pound of flesh; but the governor, not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or a grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant, at these words, began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of his contract;" and being asked by the pope what he demanded, answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then, turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content?" The Jew answered, "He thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our



laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and they have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers. The governor, thinking to please Sixtus, and willing to know what sort of punishment he had a mind should be inflicted upon them, said, "Without doubt they had been guilty of a very great crime, and he thought they deserved to be fined each of them 1000 crowns." "To be fined each of them 1000 crowns!" answered Sixtus: "do you think that sufficient? What! shall any of our subjects presume to dispose of his life without our permission? Is it not evident that the Jew has actually sold his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body? Is not this a direct suicide? And is it not likewise true that the merchant is guilty of downright premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death, if he insisted upon its being performed, as it is said he did? Shall two such villains be excused for a simple fine?" The governor alledging, "That Secchi protested he had not the least design of insisting upon the performance of the contract, and that the Jew did not at all imagine he would, when he laid the wager," Sixtus replied, "These protestations were only made out of fear of punishment, and because they were in our presence, and therefore no regard ought to be had to them. Let them both be hanged: do you pass that sentence upon them, and we shall take care of the rest." In a word, they were both condemned to suffer death, to the great terror and amazement of every body,

though no one durst open his mouth, or call it an unjust sentence.

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions; strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them 2000 crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

---

*For the Literary Magazine*

THE FOLLY OF HUMAN WISHES.

POPE SIXTUS V once gave out to all the members of a certain convent, that on a certain day named, he would receive all their petitions, and grant them, fully and without limitation or question. The day having arrived, he received them in the great hall where the consistories are held, seated upon his pontifical throne, with a secretary upon his left hand to take down the name and request of every monk, as he came in his turn to kiss his feet. The general was the first that advanced, and after prostrating himself before the pope, he returned his most humble thanks for the great favour he had received in being appointed general of the order, and said, "The only request he had to make was, that his holiness would vouchsafe to honour him with his patronage and protection, and be pleased to support him in the execution of an office, that was conferred upon him in a chapter summoned by his command, maintained by his bounty, and honoured by his presence."

Others that followed according

to their rank and seniority had their petitions registered. Some were of so whimsical and extravagant a turn that Sixtus seemed much diverted with them. One of them desired a brief, forbidding all other religious to give him any trouble or molestation, or to say any thing abusive or reflecting upon him. It seems he had some reason to ask such a favour, as he was a most insolent and incorrigible fellow, continually plaguing and provoking his brethren to that degree, that he was hated and avoided by the whole community. Another asked for two rooms in the convent, in which he might do whatever he pleased, without being accountable to his superior, or even the pope himself; and said, "He would willingly submit to the discipline of the order, when he was in any other part of the convent;" but insisted upon a total independence and exemption in those apartments, where he should not be prevented from shutting himself up, whenever he had a mind, by any person, or upon any pretence whatsoever; and that if he hereafter happened to deserve punishment, he should be permitted to retire into one of these rooms, and consider whether he liked the kind of punishment or not, and if he did not, he should have the liberty of changing it to such a one as he did like.

A Neapolitan lay-brother, after he had kissed the pope's feet, begged leave to make his wants known to him in private; upon which the pope graciously inclining his ear to him, he desired his holiness would be pleased to permit him to quit his habit and marry, or at least keep a whore, without the warden's having it in his power to hinder it.

A bachelor of Bologna desired a brief, with permission to preach in any church, either regular or secular, and at what hour he pleased, without licence from the ordinary or superior, and to have for his own use all the money that was collected at his sermons.

Father Poppa, the principal of Puglia, requested that his family might be called relations of his holiness, which, he said, would be the highest honour he could ever receive in this world. The pope said he would give his consent, if there was the least colour or foundation for it, and asked him what family he was of; to which the provincial answered, that he was one of the most ancient and richest in Italy. I don't see then, replied Sixtus, how we can possibly make out any relationship, since *we* were only poor hog-keepers, and *you* people of great fortune and estate. Yet we think we have hit upon an expedient to gratify you, which is that you give up your riches to the use of an hospital we have lately founded, and, becoming poor, turn hog-keepers as we were: as for you yourself, we will give orders, after you have been stripped of your habit, that you shall be stationed under our eye, somewhere near the city, that we may see that you behave well in your new occupation, and then we will acknowledge you for our kinsman. The poor provincial was strangely surprised at the answer, which was moderate enough, considering the impertinence of the request. It was expected by some, who know the disposition of Sixtus, that he would actually have put his expedient in execution, i. e., that he would have degraded him, and turned him out of his convent.

No less ridiculous and *mal à propos* was the demand of father Sarev, of Umbria, who desired the pope to grant him a bull, that the convent to which he belonged, and had been so much enriched by the alms that were collected at the sermons which he had preached, might be converted into an abbey; that the *jus patronatus*, or right of presenting to it, might be invested in his family; that no monk should be admitted into it that had not first been three years a servant in his family, or at least to some of his relations; and that he would be pleased to grant to the said abbey one half of



the tythes that belonged to the bishop. The pope could not help drawing up his muscles, and said, *Passate ; passate* : Go along ; go along ; we can't give abbeys to every fool.

He was much pleased at the simplicity of a good old man, of 77 years of age, who was a religious of the province of Rome, and having assisted at seven general chapters, was carried to Rome, in order to have the consolation of seeing this before he died, as he heard it would be a very splendid one. After he had kissed his holiness's feet, he addressed him in this manner : " I should be very glad, holy father, if you could add ten years to my life ; but as that is in the power of Heaven alone, I only desire an indulgence in the hour of death, which now cannot be far off." He pronounced these last words with so good a grace, that the pope said, " He wished, with all his heart, he was able to work a miracle, for his sake ; but that he thought, as he had lived so long, he might now be very well content to die."

It is hardly possible to conceive the folly and absurdity of some other of their requests, with which the pope was grievously offended. Some asked for cardinals' hats, archbishopricks, abbeys, and other dignities in the church ; some for offices that were appropriated to particular orders. A young bachelor asked for the place of master of the palace, which is always possessed by a dominican ; others desired bishopricks that were not yet vacant. If he had been inclinable to gratify even those that asked for preferments in their own order, he must have turned every thing topsy-turvy, as some wanted to be perpetual provincials, others to have the power of visiting whatever provinces they pleased, during life ; others, again, to chuse what convents they liked best to reside in, or not to be sent far from the place of their birth. Many asked for money to build houses of pleasure, with considerable pensions ; and not a few petitioned his holiness to give them leave to lay aside the

cowl, as they were thoroughly tired of a monastic life.

Last of all came a lay-brother, about 60 years old, thirty of which he had spent as a servant to the cook and butler of the convent of the Holy Apostles. The old man, bowing down to kiss the pope's feet, who remembered him very well, said, " Holy father, I am a poor lay-brother, in one of the lowest offices that belong to the convent, and not worthy to expect the least of your holiness's favours. The honour I have had of seeing you become head of the church, after having remembered you a private religious, will not give me leave to hope for any thing further. A miserable lay-brother like me ought not to presume to ask favours from a sovereign as you are ; nevertheless, as your holiness has been pleased to include even me in the number of those you have thought fit to distinguish by your princely munificence, with the most profound reverence, I humbly beseech your charity to make a fountain in our convent, which is in great want of water, as your holiness may please to remember, from the inconvenience which you yourself have often suffered by it."

It was said that the pope was so affected with the old man's speech, that he could hardly refrain from tears.

When they had all kissed his feet, and presented their several petitions, they were called back into the same hall from whence they were gone out, to avoid confusion, and the pope spoke to them in the following manner :

" If your desires had been conformable to my good intentions, I should willingly have complied with them ; but as they are of so extraordinary a nature that there is no possibility of granting them, I find myself under a necessity of giving you an absolute refusal. I did not expect that any of you could have been so mean as to think of your own private interest, without any regard to that of the order in gene-

ral. Your solemn vows and professions at your entrance into a religious life ought to have made you forget the one, and the concern which every good member should have for the welfare and preservation of the body to which he belongs should have put you in mind of the other. Your avarice, your ambition, and sensuality have prevented my good designs, and I should think it a great sin to feed and encourage them by my generosity. It is with shame and horror that I see but one, out of so great a number of you, that has shown any regard for the good of the public."

After this manner he dismissed them from his presence, in the highest confusion and mortification, and, turning to the poor lay-brother, promised that what he had asked should be performed, and, with high commendations of his public spirit, recommended him to the notice and protection of the general. He immediately gave orders for the construction of the magnificent fountain, to be seen, at this day, in the court of that convent, and made the honest porter easy for life by a considerable pension.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

SKETCH OF THE BRASILIAN  
PORTUGUESE.

THE pursuits of these people are childish and frivolous in the extreme, their manners incredibly coarse and offensive, their mode of living filthy and every way uncomfortable; they are the victims of an abject superstition, and their state of society is but little removed from barbarism; distinction of rank and situation is little regarded among them, and in their intercourse much of practical equality, is discernible. The revolutionary principles of France have been disseminated, and are cherished among them. They are likely, at no distant period, to attempt the reduction of them into

practice; since great disaffection, prevails throughout the colonies towards the mother country; and they are sensible that the principal effects of their dependance consist of oppressive internal regulations, and injurious foreign restrictions.

The jesuits had been long engaged in making collections, with the view to an account of this part of the world: but their voluminous papers have lain neglected for forty years, are covered with dust, and are rapidly decaying, no care being taken to preserve them. The jealous and barbarous government will permit neither native nor foreigner to examine these mouldering MSS; which in all probability would furnish most important additions to our stock of natural history. It is apparent, that the advancement of geographical and natural knowledge has suffered from the suppression of that singular society.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ADVERSARIA,

*Or Winter Evening Amusements.*

NO. XVI.

I HAVE often reflected, with a sort of melancholy envy, on the life of the Grecian *Aoides*, or bards. To poverty we are not less indebted for the songs of *olden time*, than for those of a more modern date. Homer could find no *Samaritan* heart and purse to cheer his grief and administer to his wants. This compelled him to resort to the life of the *Aoides*, or *strolling bard*: a character well known in his day. It was the policy of the Egyptian law to interdict all music, as tending to enervate the mind, and Poetry, her sister, was so shackled by the prescriptions of law, that she drooped her head, like the tender flower when assailed by the fervour of a solar beam. But in Greece, where the very genius of the government expanded the



mind, and the climate inspired the fancy, they lifted their enchanting voices, and, in the spirit of enthusiasm, sung such airs as *Heaven, well pleased, might stoop to hear*. This passion for poetry gave rise to the profession of which I speak. In those *day-dreams*, which discontent and distress inspire, I have contemplated the *Aoides* strolling from town to town, free from care, unrestrained by the discipline of the law, and uncontrouled by the power of magistracy, eliciting tears from the tender, and *commanding* the homage of the wealthy:—such a man have I wished to be.

We are told by Hecataeus, who lived not long after Homer, that an *Aoides*, or bard, must know *πολλὰ θελγηστρία*, *many soothing tales*, to win the ear; his subject must be *εργα Ἀνδρῶν θεῶν τε*, *the deeds of gods and men*, for his it is

Θεοῖσι τε ἔκ Ἀνδράποισι Αἰεῖται.

To mortals and immortals both to sing.

That Homer was of this profession, all historical testimony concurs in avouching: but it is more particularly declared in a Hymn to Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, whose feast was held at Delos, and was attended by a vast concourse of people from Ionia and the adjacent isles.

"HAIL, ye HEAVENLY POWERS," says the poet, "whose praises I delight to sing: let my name be remembered in the ages which are rolling on: and when the wearied traveller reclines in our porticos, and inquires, who is the sweetest among the singers of the flowing verse, who strikes the harp at your banquets, and whose song steals most pleasantly on your delighted ears? then do ye, inspiring powers, make answer for me, "*It is the blind man who dwells at Chios; his songs are sweeter than all that can be sung.*"

When the bard entered a house, he was greeted with welcome words by the host. In the words of Homer himself, he gladly received a

bard divine *to cheer him with a song*. His wearied limbs were placed on a couch, where his thirst was allayed and food was bountifully provided. Next he bathed, and after he had drunk some *Μηλινὸν οἶνον*, *heart-cheering wine*, he was called upon to contribute his mite towards the general entertainment. Then the bard pours a liberal libation to JUPITER HOSPITALIS, and sings to his generous entertainer.

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure,  
And art a kindly, cordial host;  
But let me drink and fill at pleasure,  
Thus I enjoy the goblet most\*.

Next he attunes his harp; his voice is raised, and they feel that benignant influence which is powerful to banish grief, to assuage our angry passions, and to cast a pleasing oblivion over all those causes of discontent and distress, which scatter unkindly thorns over the rugged path of life. After suffering the wants of hunger, having been almost pressed down by fatigue, whilst he vainly strove to shelter his body from the pitiless blast, how joyful is it to experience a cordial reception, and find a lavish banquet!

——When miseries are past,  
Pleasures abide the man, who many a  
step  
Through toils and dangers took†.

The heart of the poet, alive to every impression, is warmed to enthusiasm. He opens his whole soul in strains of poetic inspiration. The boldest metaphors sparkle in every verse, and figures flash through his lines with a rapidity and splendour, that defy the grasp of criticism.

This is a delightful theme to a recluse like myself, whom untoward circumstances have driven to a solitary retirement, where I hold communion only with my own thoughts, or converse with the spirits of other ages. They inform and

\* A fragment from Anacreon.

† Homer.

amuse. They are obedient to all my fickle humours, and are not offended when I dismiss them with a frigid coolness. One, with whom I delight to solace many a gloomy hour, supplies me with a passage which seems to sympathize with my present reflections :

But the most beautiful madness and amiable possession is, when *the love of the muses* seizes upon a soft and sensible mind : it is then that it exalts the soul, throws the votary into extacies, and bursts out into hymns and songs, or other strains of poesy, and at once celebrate the high achievements of ancient times, and instruct the generations to come. This is so certain, that whoever he be that pretends to the favours of the muse, without partaking of this madness, from an opinion, perhaps, that art alone is sufficient to make a poet, he may assure himself that he will fail in his character : his work will be lame ; and while the productions of the inspired poetic train are read and admired, his sober production will sink in oblivion\*.

The olympic games were among the most important of the Grecian institutions. The preparatory discipline to which the youth were obliged to submit, who were ambitious to win the laurels, injured their bodies to hardship, and the generous rivalry that pervaded their competition expanded the soul.

The youth who strives the olympic prize to gain  
All arts must try, and every toil sustain†.

By these means, a noble band of youth was trained to become the ornament and protection of their country. When the clarion of war resounded through the states, they were active and alert to display the boldest exertions of courage; or in

the forum their commanding eloquence stilled the angry tumults of the multitude.

But these were not the only advantages which resulted from the olympic games. Greece was divided into many states, which differed in their internal policy, in their language and habits. When threatened with invasion, it was necessary that they should all unite in the common defence. As it was a religious festival, which every Grecian thought it a duty to attend, men from the most remote provinces were assembled ; and the worship of a common divinity was of admirable effect in producing a harmony of disposition, and in moulding their dissimilar manners. Men of knowledge imparted to each other the result of their studies, and soldiers organized systems of defence against the hour of danger. The weak solicited and obtained the protection of the strong, and the emulation of the young was stimulated by the distinction of the eminent.

In the days of Socrates, married women in Greece were confined to be household drudges merely. Xenophon, in his *Memorabilia Socratis*, introduces Ischomachus, an Athenian of great riches and reputation, discoursing to Socrates about his family affairs. " He told his wife that his main object on marrying her was to have a person in whose discretion he could confide, who would take proper care of his servants, and expend his money with economy." The distressed husband proceeds to complain, that he one day observed her face painted, and that she wore high-heeled shoes ; that he chid her severely for such follies, and asked whether she could imagine to pass such silly tricks on a husband ? If she wanted to have a better complexion, why not weave at her loom standing upright, why not employ herself in baking and other family exercises, which would give her such a bloom as no paint could imitate ? But when the Atheni-

\* Plato in *Phædro*.

† Horace.



an manners came to be more polished, greater indulgence was given to the ladies in dress and ornament. They consumed the whole morning at the toilette, employing paint, and every drug for cleaning and whitening the skin: they laid red upon their lips, and took great care of their teeth: their hair, made up in buckles with a hot iron, was perfumed and spread upon their shoulders: their dress was elegant, and artfully contrived to set off a fine shape. Such is the influence of appetite for dress: vanity could not be the *sole* motive, as married ladies were never seen in public.

I. E. H.

*Note.*—In the last number of the *Adversaria* (No. 15, p. 56), near the top of the page, transpose the words *vice* and *folly*. The writer meant to say that affectation is the *folly* of a weak mind, and prudery the *vice* of an impure one.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### TURKISH CHESS.

THE following anecdote was communicated by a gentleman who frequently played at chess with the interpreter of the Turkish ambassador.

He was informed by the interpreter (who spoke French), that soon after the last match on the 20th of June, the ambassador was desirous of playing at chess with Philidor, who accordingly attended, and played six games with him, every one of which Philidor lost, and the ambassador moreover told him he knew several chess players at Constantinople who were able to beat himself (the ambassador), even giving him a rook.

It must be observed that the Turk could only play with his own men, which were very different from those used by us, and difficult to be distinguished, and that the queen had likewise the move of the knight, as in Russia.

The truth of this anecdote rests entirely on the interpreter, as the Turk knew no European language.

The Turk won three games very readily of the gentleman above-mentioned, who is a good player; though it is possible he might have lost them all, had he played with pieces to which he had not been accustomed.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON THE TEMPLARS, SUPPOSED FATHERS OF FREE MASONRY.

IT is well known that the free masons in Germany have been fond of deriving their origin from the templars; and this circumstance induced Nicolai to investigate the ground of the claim, the result of which was communicated to the public in an *Essay on the Secret of the Templars*, which gave rise to new hypotheses, and occasioned much controversy. The same subject also engaged a large share of attention among the French.

Moldenhawer, an eminent professor of Copenhagen, attempted a farther investigation, in hope that new light would be reflected on the matters in dispute. In the course of a journey undertaken for literary purposes, he made a diligent search for additional records in the famous suit against the knights of the temple; and he was so fortunate as to discover, in the library of St. Germain-des-Pres, a manuscript register of the proceedings of the commission appointed by the pope to try the order, which continued to sit from August, 1309, to June, 1311. This report contains 231 interrogatories, of which Dupuy had published only a part.

Two years afterward, another important document was obtained, namely, a collection of the latent statutes of the order, and which it is presumed were in force at the time of its abolition. It was found in the Corsini library at Rome, by



M. Munter, another Danish professor, and was written in the Provençal dialect. Both these manuscripts were translated into German, and published; and, furnished with this additional information, professor Munter composed a very curious dissertation on the principal accusations which had been preferred against the templars.

This order dates its origin from the year 1118, and it is well known that the object of its formation was the protection of the numerous pilgrims who visited the holy city. With the view of cementing their union, they adopted a religious rule, and made vows. In 1125, they were only nine in number. They took their name from the vicinity of the temple of Jerusalem, to the patriarch of which city they were subject.

In 1128, their order was confirmed by the council of Troyes, and they were from that time called templars. St. Bernard was their warm protector; indeed he may be considered as their founder, since it was he who supplied them with a rule which was similar to that of the benedictines.

The rise of the order to wealth and power was most rapid. As early as the year 1140, they were possessed of considerable establishments, and many fortresses. A little time later, they made many conquests from the Moors in Spain and Portugal; and their acquisitions were transferred to them by the kings of those countries. Before the year 1150, they established themselves at the temple at Paris. This district, which was then marsh land, wholly belonged to them; and a long period elapsed before it was included within the precincts of the city. Eugene III, who was pope about this time, was a great protector of the knights. Their exploits are celebrated in the histories of the crusades: but the same accounts are full of complaints preferred against them by the christian princes of the east, and by those of the west who transplanted themselves

into Asia to wage war against the infidels; they appear also to have roused in a degree the jealousy of the other rival orders.

It was principally by the templars that Acre was defended, in 1291, when it was besieged and taken by the sultan of Cairo. When the templars, as well as all other christians, were driven from their possessions in Asia, they established themselves in Cyprus, and in other adjoining islands; a few years later, namely, in 1306, the grand master, with all the chiefs of the order, removed to Paris, established themselves at the temple, and brought with them thither its treasure and its archives. At the time even of this removal, it appears that Philip the fair was the secret enemy of the order; since, as early as 1305, he applied to his creature, pope Clement V, to abolish it; and from that period till the grand blow was struck, it appears that the pope and the king were concerting measures, though with the utmost secrecy, for that purpose.

On the 13th October, 1307, the knights at Paris, and throughout the whole extent of France, were arrested all at the same instant; a measure which was effected in the provinces by means of sealed orders, which were not to be opened till a given moment by those who were destined to carry them into execution. Letters were also addressed to all the princes of Europe, inviting them to exercise the same rigour; which in fact they all adopted, sooner or later. The trial commenced *instantly*. Guillaume, a dominican, confessor to the king, and inquisitor-general of the faith named by the pope, presided over it, either in person or by his delegates; and one hundred and forty knights were interrogated at Paris in the space of a month. These interrogatories are preserved; but of those taken in the provinces only eight remain.

The statutes discovered by Munter afford additional elucidation of the constitution of the brotherhood. In order to have been a knight of the

temple, a person must have descended from a father who either was a knight or who possessed the requisite qualifications. It was practice, though not law, for the candidate to pay, on admission, a certain sum of money. The term of the noviciate was regulated by the grand master at his pleasure. To the three vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, was added that of the defence of the holy land. Nothing is more certain than that the order indulged in every species of luxury. It was not till forty or fifty years after its foundation, that priests were admitted members; and they were allowed to share in its government, and to rise to dignities. Any interdict on a district by a prelate did not affect the order, nor the persons connected with it, who were very numerous.

In the order, *the master held the place of God*; but this, which was the usual phrase employed to describe his authority, was not strictly correct, since he was subject to the general chapters; though these assemblies were held in great secrecy, and were seldom called together. The council of the order, which was next in authority to the general chapter, consisted of the grand masters, the dignitaries, the provincial masters present, the assistant master, and the knights summoned by the master.

Pope Alexander III, in the year 1172, first exempted the knights from episcopal jurisdiction, and rendered them amenable only to the pope. He released them from all taxes, including even customs imposed on merchandise. The chiefs were prohibited to confer preferment on any member, at the request of any king, prince, or grandee.

On mere suspicion, and before a tittle of evidence was given against them, the knights received the treatment of convicts. Accustomed to all the indulgences which affluence procures, they were allowed only twelve-pence a day for subsistence: they were shamefully robbed by their gaolers; they were interdicted

divine service, even at the hour of death; and they were refused burial in consecrated ground.

As to their confessions, which formed the chief evidence against them, at one moment promises of liberty, of impunity, and of great recompense, were employed in order to procure them; at another, the threat of perpetual imprisonment and of a cruel death; sometimes they were tormented by being forced to endure hunger, and at others their enemies held up to their view the example of those of their brethren who had died under the torture. At Caen Royal, letters containing offers of life, liberty, and rich pensions, if they would confess, were produced to them; and it was at the same time observed that their denial would be of no avail, because the order was already annihilated.

The secrecy which accompanied the admission of candidates into the order very much favoured the accusations of their foes; and the dominicans, who were the prosecutors on this occasion, were well versed, by their experience in the south of France, in the practice of preferring heretical charges. Most of those, which were alleged against the order, were the same with those that had been imputed to the heretics of that period: but that they had not adopted any of those heresies, the statutes are conclusive evidence. They knew how to wield the sword, but they brought with them no secret doctrines from the east; and this accusation was completely denied by the chief persons in the fraternity.

Several charges advanced against the knights were mere exaggerations of innocent usages observed by them, and none but monks, practised in forging heresies, could thus have misrepresented things the most harmless and simple, in order to increase the odium with which the accused were regarded. It was by combining the secrecy of their assemblies, the reports of their connections with the Saracens, the indiscreet discourse of some brethren, and the real disorders of many, that



they were able to fabricate those allegations which, in times so dark, and maintained by men so experienced, were sufficient to effect the ruin of this mighty brotherhood. What could resist the united force of the most subtle malignity and the most atrocious cruelty, favoured by the circumstances of the period? Who could visit the episcopacy, the religious orders, and the civil powers, all hostile to this potent and wealthy society?

The process against the devoted knights was instituted with the concurrence of the pope; and the adjudication of the affair was afterward claimed by his holiness: but he was throughout the creature of the king, and durst not act contrary to his wishes: the proceedings were entirely directed by the royal will.

The knights had given several causes of offence to the implacable Philip: the Sicilian vespers had recently taken place; they had afforded succours to the Arragonese, the authors of that revolution; they had also assisted in remitting money to Boniface VIII, during his disputes with the king; and they had been loud in censuring his majesty's depreciation of the coin. The wealth of the order also tempted him, and the vastness of its amount might well have done so. Some have made its annual revenue equivalent to seven millions of dollars; while that of the king yielded only what was equal to three or four hundred thousand. In the whole of Christendom, the knights had nine thousand manors. Their personal property was of still higher value; for the knights acted as bankers, and enriched themselves by gains which were then held to be usurious. It was not till ten years after the confiscation of their property, that the king transferred it to the knights of St. John; and during the interval, his commissaries received all the rents and profits. He seized the treasure deposited in the temple, which was enormous; as also their riches in the provinces, and their moveables; he moreover claimed all that was due to them, and can-

celled a sum of 100,000 dollars, which he himself had borrowed from them.

This enterprize of Philip was an instance which powerfully affected the opinions of men on the nature of ecclesiastical property, and afforded a precedent for those seizures of it which were practised by several princes at the reformation, by the court of France in the case of the jesuits, and by its rulers during the late revolution.

The order possessed between ten and eleven thousand commanderies, its members and attendants could not be less than twenty thousand; while the amount of its subjects, vassals, and serfs must have been in proportion to that of the members, and probably exceeded half a million of persons.

The king's government was very feeble at this period; and contrast with this view of the order, that of the resources, prerogatives, and authority of a feudal king; reflect with what an eye a sovereign like Philip must have surveyed this superiority which constantly menaced him.

When we consider what the order of the temple could have effected at the commencement of the fourteenth century in the heart of France, where it had fixed its chief residence; the number of its knights, possessed of splendid establishments in the provinces; the far greater number of its subjects, its debtors, the numerous troops which it had at command; its resources in money to hire mercenaries; its soldiery, superior to the chivalry of Europe in bravery, discipline, tactics, and in all the arts of war; its numerous fortresses; its fleets in the east; its intelligence in every court; its connections with families of rank; the confidence of conscious power; the vigour of its internal regimen, and the active intrigues peculiar to monastic bodies; and when we suppose this formidable society in league with dissatisfied chieftains, such as, a few years later, formed confederacies against the court; we must conclude that a revolution might have been effected, fatal to



monarchical power or to the dynasty. Hence it should seem that state reasons, equally with avarice and vengeance, dictated the fatal sentence inflicted on the templars.

The initiated members of the fraternity had formed the design of shaking off the authority of the king and the pope; and, within the order, a sect was formed to forward this design, which was connected with the heretics of the south of France, and which proposed to advance its purposes by their co-operation. The reiterated proofs given in the course of the process, of a departure from the faith, of an abjuration of christianity, of a renunciation of Jesus, and of outrages done to the cross, induce us to conjecture that a part of the knights of the temple conformed only outwardly to the catholic church, and professed a christianity freed from vulgar superstitions, and which perhaps veiled a pure deism: but that policy, the influence of the manners of the age, or some other cause, occasioned this philosophical religion to be connected with practices and forms that were gross and absurd. The charges of a sort of sanction to certain offensive moral irregularities must also be admitted.

Whether the free masons are successors of the templars, is a curious question.

On this subject, a memoir which lately appeared in Germany leaves nothing to be desired. It is certain that, before the year 1600, no embryo of the existence of free masons can be found. Some adepts, cabalists, theosophists, magicians, and people of the same kind, who held secret meetings, may be found in every period, but they were not free masons. The same researches make it clear that, in the seventeenth century, the free masons were separated from the Rosicrucians. It is very doubtful whether the latter could claim any connection with the templars. The tale of the supposed founder *Christian Rose-croix* is universally regarded as fabulous; the sect, it is supposed, deriving its

name from the alchemical signs of the rose and the cross. The Rosicrucians were solely occupied by researches for discovering the philosopher's stone; and their existence was not of long duration. It is known that Descartes traversed Germany between 1620 and 1623, in search of these fanatical naturalists, and was unable to discover any traces of them.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

CURSORY REFLECTIONS ON THE  
CORRUPTION OF THE ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE BY THE PREVAIL-  
ING MODE OF TRANSLATION.

IT has been frequently and very justly remarked, that the most prolific source of the corruption of a language is translation; and this is indubitably the case, even when men of talents, fully competent to the task, are engaged in it; for, notwithstanding the utmost care that can be taken, foreign idioms and foreign words insensibly force themselves on the translator, and find their way into his work.

Should these observations be just, as it is presumed they will be admitted, how completely must the flood-gates of corruption be opened, when, from motives of the most sordid parsimony, blockheads and dunces are employed in a task so far beyond their powers, merely because they will execute it at a lower price, and for a mere subsistence! For it is a melancholy truth, that there are unfortunate men, whose poverty forces them, however incompetent, to undertake the drudgery of literature in some of the European capitals, for less wages than a sturdy porter would earn. And it is equally true, that, among the booksellers, there are some devoid of that generous and liberal spirit which ought to be exercised towards those whose talents qualify them for such undertakings; and thus having disgusted and driven

far from them the men of genius, they are obliged to have recourse to the lowest order of scribblers.

Those who are conversant with recent translations from the French and German, can readily decide to what an alarming extent this miserable system prevails among the Curlls and Lintots of the present day. Many of these translations are executed in such a wretched, groveling style, as would disgrace a schoolboy. And thus works, distinguished for their elegance and taste in the original language, become disgusting and insipid when they have undergone the adulterating process of translation.

But the poverty and barrenness of the style, though a great nuisance, is by no means the worst consequence of the wretched system. The same ignorance and incapacity that disqualify many of those translators from clothing their ideas in decent dress, render them incapable, in many instances, of comprehending the meaning of the original, and thence they totally pervert the sense, and, in many instances, give one diametrically opposite to that of the author.

Among those who at present make a living by translating in London, there are many Frenchmen and some Germans, who undertake to translate their vernacular languages into English. This forms the climax of the folly of the management which I have reprobated. It may be laid down as a general rule, to which there are as few exceptions as to any other general rule whatever, that no man can be competent to translate his own language into a foreign one with purity, unless he has lived almost from his infancy in the country where that language is spoken. Otherwise, he will, it is true, if a Frenchman translating French into English, furnish his reader with English words, but the idiom will inevitably be French. The same observation will apply with equal force to an Englishman translating English into French or German.

I have been led to submit these observations to my fellow-citizens by the perusal of a translation of Michaux's *Journey to the West of the Alleghany Mountains*, published last year in London. It carries with it the strongest internal evidence of having been executed by a Frenchman, and one very little, indeed, conversant with the English language. There are numerous counter-senses, many passages wholly devoid of meaning, and hardly a page throughout the whole that does not abound with Gallicisms, quite foreign from the natural construction of the English language. Let not the reader believe, however, that this book stands alone, or is very materially different in its style and manner from a considerable proportion of the modern translations. By no means. Whoever will take the pains to examine, will find, in various other works, as many and as gross blemishes as are to be found in the book just mentioned.

To satisfy the public that these observations are not without proper foundation, I annex for examination a very few extracts from the original and the translation, cursorily collected, which, I trust, will convince every candid person, that the practice I have been censuring is a serious evil, and demands a speedy and a radical remedy.

"La fièvre jaune varie d'intensité chaque année; et l'observation n'a pas encore pu déterminer les signes caractéristiques auxquels on peut reconnoître qu'elle sera plus ou moins maligne dans l'été."—Page 4.

"The yellow fever varies every year according to the intenseness of the heat: at the same time the observation has not been forcible enough to point out the characteristic signs," &c.

This is very different from the idea in the original, and is groveling English. It ought to have been:

The violence of the yellow fever varies yearly; and (or rather *but*) the observations [that have been made upon the subject] have not li-



thereto been able to determine the characteristic symptoms, whereby it may be ascertained whether it will be more or less malignant in the summer.

"Pendant le tiers de l'année toutes relations sont à-peu-près interrompues entre les campagnes et la ville; où l'on ne se rend que forcément, et en évitant même d'y coucher."—p. 5.

"During one-third of the year, all communications are cut off between the country and town, whither they go but very reluctantly, and seldom or ever sleep there."

This is a low and creeping style, and is hardly English. It ought to be

During one-third of the year, all intercourse is nearly suspended between the country and the city, whither people go only through necessity, and even avoid sleeping there. "*Seldom or ever*" is barbarous.

"Tout cela est remplacé par des pensions, où l'on est logé, nourri, éclairé." p. 9.

"All this is replaced by boarding houses, where every thing necessary is provided."

A schoolboy must perceive that, instead of *replaced*, it ought to have been *supplied*.

"New Yorck, situé au confluent des rivières de l'Est et du Nord, est beaucoup plus rapproché de la mer que Philadelphie."—p. 15.

"New York, situated at the confluence of the rivers from the east and the north, is much nearer the sea than Philadelphia."

I hardly need state, that the rivers from the east and the north ought to be the East and North rivers.

"Sa population, qu'on évalue à plus de cinquante mille âmes."—p. 15.

"The town consists of more than 50,000 souls."

For consists of read contains.

"Pendant mon séjour à New Yorck, j'allai faire des excursions botaniques dans le New Jersey, le long de la rivière du Nord."—p. 16.

"During my stay in New York, I took a botanical excursion into New Jersey, by the river side towards the north."

This ought to have been :

During my stay in New York, I made botanical excursions into New Jersey, along the North river.

"Mille obstacles qui tiennent aux localités, et qu'il est impossible de prévoir et de prévenir."—p. 26.

"A thousand common-place observations, which is either impossible to foresee, or by any means prevent."

It is difficult to find a passage more barbarously or unfaithfully translated than this, although the idea in the original is sufficiently clear and distinct. It ought to have been :

A thousand obstacles, depending upon the situation [of the country], which it is impossible to foresee or prevent.

"Dans cet intervalle, les habitations sont presque toutes en vue les unes des autres. Chaque propriété a sa clôture." p. 26.

"Nearly the whole of the way, the houses are almost close together. Every proprietor to his enclosure."

The first part of this sentence is incorrectly translated; the other exhibits as complete an instance of blind ignorance and incapacity as can be conceived, and is downright nonsense. Two of the five words it contains are totally mistaken: *propriété* is mistaken for *propriétaire*, and the verb *a* for the preposition *à*. A correct translation would be :

In this space, the houses are almost all in sight of each other. Every estate has its enclosure, or every estate is enclosed.

"Trois cents arpens de bois."

"Three hundred acres of woody land."

Instead of

Three hundred acres of wood land.

"Ils se livroient à des excès si horribles, qu'on peut difficilement s'en faire une idée."

"They committed such horrible excesses, that is almost impossible to form the least idea of." p. 40.

This passage ought to be:

"They committed such horrible excesses, that it is difficult to conceive an idea of them."

"La position de la Nouvelle Orléans, relativement aux Antilles, assure donc à cette ville des avantages bien marquées sur tous les ports de l'est des Etats Unis."—p. 44.

"The situation of New Orleans, relatively to the Antilles, gives this town the most signal advantages over all the ports eastward of the United States."—p. 41.

The conclusion of this sentence conveys an idea totally different from that of the author. He certainly meant "the eastern ports of the United States;" whereas the translator metamorphoses this idea so as to make it refer to ports not in the United States, but eastward of them.

"Nous nous arrêtrâmes à la seconde maison, tenue par un nommé Chatlers, fort bien approvisionnée pour le pays."

The translator renders the latter part of this sentence by the words:

"Tolerably well supplied with provisions *for the country*."

Passing over "*tolerably well*" instead of "*very well*," I observe that the three last words of the sentence are literally translated, and do not convey the author's meaning; which is, that the house was very well supplied with provisions, considering the state of the country.

"Quatre grands lits, dont deux plus bas se coulent sous les deux autres, pendant le jour, et se tirent le soir au milieu de la chambre, recoivent toute la famille." p. 51.

VOL. VI. NO. XXXV.

"Four large beds, two of which are very low, are placed underneath the others in the day-time, and drawn out of an evening, into the middle of the room, receive the whole family."—p. 40.

This is perfectly unintelligible. As it stands, it appears that "*four large beds*" are the nominative case to "*are placed underneath*," and that there are probably eight beds in the room, which is by no means the idea in the original. It ought to read thus:

Four large beds, of which two, very low, are placed underneath the others in the day time, and drawn out in the evening into the middle of the room, receive the whole family.

"Les docteurs y sont rares: et dans un cas urgent, il faut aller les chercher à vingt-cinq ou trente milles."—p. 54.

"There are but few medical men there: and, in cases of necessity, they have to go twenty or thirty miles to fetch them."—p. 51.

The chief objection here is to the vulgarity of the style. *To fetch them* is a phrase intolerable even in conversation, except among the lowest ranks of society. This sentence ought to be thus translated:

Doctors are scarce there, and, in urgent cases, it is necessary to go twenty-five or thirty miles in quest of them.

"Il arrive aussi qu'on vole les chevaux aux habitans; ce qui est d'autant plus facile, que les chevaux vivent une partie de l'année dans les forêts."—p. 58.

"It also frequently happens, that they steal horses from the inhabitants; at the same time nothing is more easy, as the horses are, in one part of the year, turned out in the forests."

*At the same time* is an interpolation, not only unnecessary, but diminishing the force of the original. It ought to be:

It also frequently occurs, that horses are stolen from the inhabitants; which is so much the more



easy, as the horses, during part of the year, remain in the forests.

"Il m'informa que son intention étoit de descendre l'Ohio."—p. 59.

"He informed me his intention was to go by the side of the Ohio."

It is difficult to conceive how the translator could have fallen into this error. The original is as clear and plain as language admits. "*Descendre l'Ohio*" is certainly by no means truly rendered by the words *to go by the side of the Ohio*, which a man may as well do *ascending* as *descending*.

"Deux imprimeries y publient chacune deux gazettes par semaine."—p. 62.

"Each publish a paper weekly."—p. 59.

To pass over the gross solecism *each publish*, instead of *each publishes*, the idea of the original is by no means rendered in the translation. It should undoubtedly have been :

Two printing-offices publish there each two gazettes weekly.

"L'Ohio, formé par la reunion des rivières Monongahela et Alléghany, paroît être plutôt une continuité de la première que de la seconde, qui n'arrive qu'obliquement au confluent."—p. 72.

"The Ohio, formed by the union of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, appears to be rather a continuation of the former than the latter, which only happens obliquely at the conflux."—p. 68.

Because the verb *arriver* very frequently signifies *to happen*, the translator has so rendered it, without reflecting that it does not convey any idea whatever here. The reader can merely guess what was intended as an antecedent to *which only happens*. The sense is explicit in the original. The Alleghany only *arrives at* or *joins* the Monongahela *obliquely* at the confluence of the two.

"La rapidité du courant de l'Ohio est extrême au printemps: aussi, dans cette saison n'est-il pas nécessaire de ramer."—p. 75.

"The rapidity of the Ohio's current is extreme in the spring: at the same time in this season there is no necessity for rowing."

Passing over the elegance of the *Ohio's current*, it may be observed that *aussi* here has the force of *therefore*, and is miserably rendered by the words *at the same time*.

"Lexington, chef lieu du comté de la Fayette, est situé," &c.—p. 131.

"Lexington, the manor-house of the county of Fayette, is situated," &c.—p. 122.

A reader unacquainted with the situation of *Lexington*, the *manor-house* of Fayette county, would certainly never conceive that this *manor-house* contains no less than between three and four hundred houses, and nearly 3000 inhabitants. It must be a prodigious *manor-house* to be capable of containing such a number of people and houses.

"Les marchands de Lexington font, presque tous, le commerce du Kentucky."

This sentence is probably incorrectly printed. As it stands, it is hardly intelligible. It must be rendered—The Lexington merchants, almost all, carry on the commerce of Kentucky. This is certainly defective. It was probably written—"Les marchands de Lexington font presque tout le commerce du Kentucky:" that is, the Lexington merchants carry on almost the whole of the commerce of Kentucky. This is plain and clear. But the translator renders it :

"The majority of the inhabitants of Lexington trade with Kentucky."—*Risum teneatis, amici?*

I fear I have tired the patience of the reader, by the detail of so many glaring proofs of the incom-

petence and incapacity of the translator, and of the injudiciousness of the bookseller who employed him. If the reader's patience is not exhausted, he has a larger stock than I have. I am weary of the task, and shall only add one more example out of hundreds that might be produced :

"La difficulté du transport fait que l'on recherche beaucoup les billets de la banque des Etats Unis : on les escompte contre des espèces monnoïés, avec une b n fice de deux pour cent."

"The trouble of conveyance is so great that they give a preference to bank bills of the United States, which bear a discount" [yes, reader—do not stare—it is actually so translated] "of two per cent."—p. 155.

I need not point out the absolute counter-sense here. Bank bills have a preference over specie, and therefore bear [not a discount, but] an advance of *two per cent.*

*Philadelphia, Aug. 28.*

W. Y.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON THE TATLER, SPECTATOR, &c.

IF it be generally true of books as of their authors, that "one generation passeth away and another cometh," the observation is particularly verified in those compositions which are aimed at the transient opinions and fashions of the day, and which must lose much of their value when the circumstances that occasioned them are no more. Such are the various works denominated *periodical essays*.

Though the essays of Addison and his coadjutors and successors might be beneficial in ridiculing the follies and correcting the manners of the age in which they appeared, and indebted as we may be to them for essentially contributing to the refinement of the national taste, we cannot read them with the interest which they excited in our ancestors, nor indeed in many instances feel

the pungency of the wit which they contain.

When, therefore, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Freeholder*, are now taken from the shelf, it must usually be for the sake of particular papers, and not with the view of a complete perusal.

In the *Tatlers*, there is a great deal of absolute trifling, and the *Spectators* themselves, though the best of the several sets, are very unequally written. Since these papers were composed, we are grown more accurate in our definitions, more discriminating in our investigations, more pure in our diction, more fastidious in the ornaments of style ; we possess standards of excellence of every kind to refer to, books multiply on our hands, and we willingly consign to oblivion a portion of the old, to make room for the increasing demands of the new.

The *Tatler* was undertaken by sir Richard Steele, under the fictitious name of Isaac Bickerstaff ; which he assumed, as he tells us himself in the dedication to the first volume, in order to take advantage of the popularity the name had acquired from its having been made use of by Swift, in his humorous predictions relative to poor Partridge, the almanac-maker. The first number was published April 12, 1709.

This publication gave as it were the dawn and promise of its successor, the *Spectator* ; and indeed there are papers in it equal in humour to any of the latter : as the account of the freezing of words in Nova Zembla, the court of honour, and some others : but, in general, the wit is local and temporary, the style negligent ; and even the strain of the graver papers rather gives the idea of a wit who lashes the town, than an elegant moralist who instructs the world. The *Tatler* abounds in personalities ; to some of these the clue cannot now be recovered, and of others the interest has long since been lost. Party spirit also, at the time these papers



were published, ran very high; the whigs and tories were so nearly balanced that they maintained for some time an equal struggle, which at length ended in the complete defeat of the whigs, the disgrace of the duke of Marlborough, and the forming that ministry which directed the four last years of queen Anne. Steele took a decided part in favour of the whigs, and introduced a paper against Harley, which lost him his place of gazetteer. Weary, perhaps, of the responsibility of a paper, of which he was now well known to be the editor, and of being personally threatened, as he often was, for the liberties he took with living characters, he suddenly dropped the work on January 2, 1710. It revived in two months time, under better auspices and with new associates, and bore the title of the *Spectator*.

To estimate the good which was done by this publication, we should consider the state of society at the time it was written. Party spirit was high and bitter, the manners of the wits and fashionable young men were still tinged with the licentiousness of the court of Charles II, mixed with the propensity to disorderly outrages and savage frolics incident to a people who were still amused by the bear garden, and who had not yet been taught to bend under the yoke of a strict police. The stage was in its meridian of genius and fashion, but disgraced by rant and grossness, which offended the sober and excluded the strict. Men lived much in clubs, and of course drinking was common.—There was more separation than at present between the different classes of society; and each was more strongly marked with the peculiarities of his profession. There were learned and there were elegant women; but manners had not received a general polish, nor had women the advantage of a general cultivation. Genius had already attained its perfection, but the reign of taste may be said to have commenced with Addison. The coad-

jutors of Addison and Steele in this work were Eustace Budgell, Tickell, Hughes, author of the *Siege of Damascus*, Henry Martin, Pierce, bishop of Rochester, and Mr. Henry Grove, of Taunton; occasionally Mr. Byrom, Parnell, and Pope, whose *Messiah* was first published here, together with various correspondents, some known and others unknown. Of all these Addison was the head of gold. His merit is indeed so superior to that of his associates, that their labours probably live to this day only by being grafted on his fame. Many of their papers are pleasing and instructive: yet, if by any accident they were destroyed, their loss would scarcely be felt amongst the various treasures of English literature; whereas the loss of Addison could not elsewhere be supplied, and would make a chasm not in the number only, but in the species of our fine writers.

The *Spectator* continued from 1710 to 1714; that is, during the last years of queen Anne to the beginning of the reign of George the first; and during a time when all the other periodical publications were party papers, and so bitter a spirit of animosity divided almost every company, it was no small advantage that one paper appeared every morning, the tendency of which was of an opposite nature, and that presented subjects for conversation which men might canvass without passion, and on which they might differ without resentment. Three thousand of them were sold daily soon after the commencement of the publication; afterwards, it is said, twenty thousand; and it may rebuke our rage for typographical luxury to be told, that the immortal productions of Addison were first given to the public on a half sheet of very coarse paper, and, before the imposition of a stamp, for the price of one penny.

The *Guardians* may be considered as a kind of sequel to the *Spectators*. They were in two volumes. The strain of them is somewhat less sprightly; but they contain many

excellent papers, and among them several by Pope. The Guardian was published in the year 1713, between the seventh and eighth volumes of the Spectator.

The Freeholder was a direct party paper, written by Addison alone, on the side of government, immediately after the rebellion in 1715, when perhaps half the nation were Jacobites in their hearts.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

CUMBERLANDIANA.

*Continued from page 51.*

*Soame Jenyns.*

A DISAGREEMENT about a name or a date will mar the best story that was ever put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds luckily could not hear an interruptor of this sort; Johnson would not hear, or, if he heard him, would not heed him; Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale, where he had left it, without any diminution of its humour, adding only a few more twists to his snuff-box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunners of the amenity, that was at the heels of them. He was the man, who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions, whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour in all the colours of the jay; his lace indeed had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram skirts; as nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her close in the fashion of his coat,

that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protuberant wen just under his pole, he wore a wig, that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet their was room between one of these and his nose for another wen that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.

Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into. His pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonized with every thing; it was like the bread to our dinner: you did not perhaps make it the whole, or principal part, of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands.—Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did; his thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them: he wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician and a worse dancer; ill-nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips; those lines I have forgotten, though I believe I was the first person to whom he recited them; they were very bad, but he had been told that Johnson ridiculed his metaphysics, and some of us had just then been making extemporary epitaphs upon each other. Though his wit was harmless, yet the general cast of it was ironical; there was a terseness in his repartees that had a play of words as well as of thought, as when, speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said, “One was principal without interest, and the other interest without

principal." Certain it is he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push. It was rather to be lamented that his lady Mrs. Jenyns had so great a respect for his good sayings, and so imperfect a recollection of them, for though she always prefaced her recitals of them with—as *Mr. Jenyns says*—it was not always what Mr. Jenyns said, and never, I am apt to think, as Mr. Jenyns said; but she was an excellent old lady, and twirled her fan with as much mechanical address as her ingenious husband twirled his snuff-box.

—  
*Foote.*

I made a visit with Garrick by his own proposal to Foote at Parson's Green. I have heard it said he was reserved and uneasy in his company; I never saw him more at ease and in a happier flow of spirits than on that occasion.

Where a loud-tongued talker was in company, Edmund Burke declined all claims upon attention, and Samuel Johnson, whose ears were not quick, seldom lent them to his conversation, though he loved the man, and admired his talents: I have seen a dull damping matter-of-fact man quell the effervescence even of Foote's unrivalled humour.

But I remember full well, when Garrick and I made him the visit above-mentioned, poor Foote had something worse than a dull man to struggle with, and matter of fact brought home to him in a way, that for a time entirely overthrew his spirits, and most completely *frighted him from his propriety*. We had taken him by surprise, and of course were with him some hours before dinner, to make sure of our own if we had missed of his. He seemed overjoyed to see us, engaged us to stay, walked with us in his garden, and read to us some scenes roughly sketched for his *Maid of Bath*. His dinner was quite good

enough, and his wine superlative. Sir Robert Fletcher, who had served in the East Indies, dropt in before dinner, and made the fourth of our party. When we had passed about two hours in perfect harmony and hilarity, Garrick called for his tea, and sir Robert arose to depart; there was an unlucky screen in the room, that hid the door, and behind which sir Robert hid himself for some purpose, whether natural or artificial I know not; but Foote, supposing him gone, instantly began to play off his ridicule at the expence of his departed guest. I must confess it was (in the cant phrase) *a way that he had*, and just now a very unlucky way, for sir Robert, bolting from behind the screen, cried out—"I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now with your leave I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine."

A remonstrance of this sort was an electric shock that could not be parried. No wit could furnish an evasion, no explanation could suffice for an excuse. The offended gentleman was to the full as angry as a brave man ought to be with an unfortunate wit, who possessed very little of that quality, which he abounded in. This event, which deprived Foote of all presence of mind, gave occasion to Garrick to display his genius and good nature in their brightest lustre: I never saw him in a more amiable light; the infinite address and ingenuity that he exhibited, in softening the enraged guest, and reconciling to pass over an affront, as gross as could well be put upon a man, were at once the most comic and the most complete I ever witnessed. Why was not James Boswell present to have recorded the dialogue and the action of the scene? My stupid head only carried away the effect of it. It was as if Diomed (who, being the son of Tydeus, was I conclude a great hero in a small compass) had been shielding Thersites from the wrath of Ajax; and so wrathful was our Ajax,



that if I did not recollect there was a certain actor at Delhi, who in the height of the massacre charmed away the furious passions of Nadir Shaw, and saved a remnant of the city, I should say this was a victory without a parallel. I hope Foote was very grateful; but when a man has been completely humbled, he is not very fond of recollecting it.

—  
*Oliver Goldsmith.*

At this time I did not know Oliver Goldsmith even by person; I think our first meeting chanced to be at the British coffee-house. When we came together, we very speedily coalesced, and I believe he forgave me for all the little fame I had got by the success of my *West Indian*, which had put him to some trouble, for it was not his nature to be unkind, and I had soon an opportunity of convincing him how incapable I was of harbouring resentment, and how zealously I took my share in what concerned his interest and reputation. That he was fantastically and whimsically vain, all the world knows, but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions, that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless to the fame, which he had powers to command. His table-talk was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable, for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with

all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near a kin the muse of poetry was to that art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous *Ugolino*; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied.

There is something in Goldsmith's prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first-rate poet. The *Deserted Village*, *Traveller*, and *Hermit* are all specimens, beautiful as such, but they are only bird's eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the *ο ποιητης*. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his *Homer*, and that being a translation only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings, neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when, in his chamber in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh, such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's show-man would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster-row is not Parnassus. Even the mighty doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate

feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glass he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an alias. Now though necessity, or I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Oliver Goldsmith began at this time to write for the stage, and it is to be lamented that he did not begin at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic compositions, and much more to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarized to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was read and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved: under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden theatre, as could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the public, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audi-

ence did not quite keep pace with the expectations, that were grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort, however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in projection, that I first met him at the British coffee-house, as I have already related somewhat out of place. He dined with us as a visitor, introduced as I think by sir Joshua Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner, with a great deal of good humour. Somebody suggested *She Stoops to Conquer*, and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at his ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive that he credited me for my sincerity.—“You and I,” said he, “have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame.” I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connections in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenuous poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact he needed all that could be done for him, as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. Johnson at length stood forth in all his terrors as champion for the piece, and backed by us his clients and retainers demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric produc-

tions that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal.

We were not over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author: we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps: the poet took post silently by his side with the Burkes, sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British pre-determined applauders, under the banner of major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day, or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon in a manner, that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that

office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sate in a front row of a side box, and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author. But, alas! it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-a-propos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own.

As the life of poor Oliver Goldsmith was now fast approaching to its period, I conclude my account of him with gratitude for the epitaph he bestowed on me in his poem called *Retaliation*. It was upon a proposal started by Edmund Burke, that a party of friends who had dined together at sir Joshua Reynolds's and my house, should meet at the St. James's coffee-house, which accordingly took place, and was occasionally repeated with much festivity and good fellowship. Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry, a very amiable and old friend of mine, Dr. Douglas, since bishop of Salisbury, Johnson, David Garrick, sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke, Hickey,



with two or three others, constituted our party. At one of these meetings an idea was suggested of extemporary epitaphs upon the parties present; pen and ink were called for, and Garrick off hand wrote an epitaph with a good deal of humour upon poor Goldsmith, who was the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that we committed to the grave. The dean also gave him an epitaph, and sir Joshua illuminated the dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink, inimitably caricatured. - Neither Johnson, nor Burke wrote any thing, and when I perceived Oliver was rather sore, and seemed to watch me with that kind of attention, which indicated his expectation of something in the same kind of burlesque with their's, I thought it time to press the joke no further, and wrote a few couplets at a side-table, which, when I had finished, and was called upon by the company to exhibit, Goldsmith with much agitation besought me to spare him, and I was about to tear them, when Johnson wrested them out of my hand, and in a loud voice read them at the table. I have now lost all recollection of them, and in fact they were little worth remembering, but as they were serious and complimentary, the effect they had upon Goldsmith was the more pleasing for being so entirely unexpected. The concluding line, which is the only one I can call to mind, was—

“All mourn the poet, I lament the man.”

This I recollect, because he repeated it several times, and seemed much gratified by it. At our next meeting he produced his epitaphs as they stand in the little posthumous poem above mentioned, and this was the last time he ever enjoyed the company of his friends.

As he had served up the company under the similitude of various sorts of meat, I had in the mean time figured them under that of liquors, which little poem I rather think was printed, but of this I am not sure.

Goldsmith sickened and died, and we had one concluding meeting at my house, when it was decided to publish his *Retaliation*, and Johnson at the same time undertook to write an epitaph for our lamented friend, to whom we proposed to erect a monument by subscription in Westminster-Abbey. This epitaph Johnson executed; but in the criticism, that was attempted against it, and in the round-robin signed at Mr. Beauclerc's house, I had no part. I had no acquaintance with that gentleman, and was never in his house in my life.

Thus died Oliver Goldsmith, in his chambers in the Temple, at a period of life when his genius was yet in its vigour, and fortune seemed disposed to smile upon him. I have heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstance of his rescuing him from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchase-money of his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady for board and lodging of some few pounds, and was at his wit's-end how to wipe off the score, and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate, he was found by Johnson, in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it: when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above-mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a

time. In the event, he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces. Goldsmith had the joy of finding his ingenious work succeed beyond his hopes, and from that time began to place a confidence in the resources of his talents, which thenceforward enabled him to keep his station in society, and cultivate the friendship of many eminent persons, who, whilst they smiled at his eccentricities, esteemed him for his genius and good qualities.

—  
*Johnson.*

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have laid down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table-cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osbourne for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and wherever he sate down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death. But of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something more, especially of poetry, which under favour, I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his *Rasselas* at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire, and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator he must have been; not improbably a par-

liamentarian, and, if such, certainly an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would indubitably have been no member of the Whig Club, no partizan of Wilkes, no friend of Hume, no believer in Macpherson. He would have put up prayers for early rising, and laid in bed all day, and, with the most active resolutions possible, been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius, we are now to enquire what he was by compulsion.

Johnson's first style was naturally energetic, his middle style was turgid to a fault, his latter style was softened down and harmonized into periods, more tuneful and more intelligible. His execution was rapid, yet his mind was not easily provoked into exertion; the variety we find in his writings was not the variety of choice arising from the impulse of his proper genius, but tasks imposed upon him by the dealers in ink, and contracts on his part submitted to in satisfaction of the pressing calls of hungry want. For, painful as it is to relate, I have heard that illustrious scholar assert (and he never varied from the truth of fact), that he subsisted himself for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of four-pence halfpenny per day. How melancholy to reflect, that his vast trunk and stimulating appetite were to be supported by what will barely feed the weaned infant! Less, much less, than master Betty has earned in one night, would have cheered the mighty mind, and maintained the athletic body of Samuel Johnson in comfort and abundance for a twelve-month. Alas! I am not fit to paint his character; nor is there any need of it; *Etiam mortuus loquitur*: every man who can buy a book, has bought a *Boswell*; Johnson is known to all the reading world. I also knew him well, respected him highly, loved him sincerely. It was never my chance to see him in those moments of moroseness and ill-humour, which are imputed to him, perhaps with truth, for who would slander him?



But I am not warranted by any experience of those humours to speak of him otherwise than of a friend, who always met me with kindness, and from whom I never separated without regret. When I sought his company he had no capricious excuses for withholding it, but lent himself to every invitation with cordiality, and brought good humour with him, that gave life to the circle he was in. He presented himself always in his fashion of apparel; a brown coat with metal buttons, black waistcoat and worsted stockings, with a flowing bob wig, was the style of his wardrobe, but they were in perfectly good trim, and with the ladies, which he generally met, he had nothing of the slovenly philosopher about him. He fed heartily, but not voraciously, and was extremely courteous in his commendations of any dish that pleased his palate; he suffered his next neighbour to squeeze the China oranges into his wine glass after dinner, which else perchance had gone aside, and trickled into his shoes, for the good man had neither straight sight nor steady nerves.

At the tea table he had considerable demands upon his favourite beverage, and I remember when sir Joshua Reynolds at my house reminded him that he had drank eleven cups, he replied, "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number up my cups of tea?" And then laughing in perfect good humour, he added—"Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number." When he saw the readiness and complacency, with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said, "Madam, I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did awhile ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done on yours; but the lady asked

me for no other purpose but to make a Zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge of her; for I swallowed five and twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words." I can only say, my wife would have made tea for him as long as the New River could have supplied her with water.

It was on such occasions he was to be seen in his happiest moments: when animated by the cheering attention of friends whom he liked, he would give full scope to those talents for narration, in which I verily think he was unrivalled, both in the brilliancy of his wit, the flow of his humour, and the energy of his language. Anecdotes of times past, scenes of his own life, and characters of humourists, enthusiasts, crack-brained projectors, and a variety of strange beings, that he had chanced upon, when detailed by him at length, and garnished with those episodic remarks, sometimes comic, sometimes grave, which he would throw in with infinite fertility of fancy, were a treat, which though not always to be purchased by five and twenty cups of tea, I have often had the happiness to enjoy for less than half the number. He was easily led into topics; it was not easy to turn him from them; but who would wish it? If a man wanted to show himself off by getting up and riding upon him, he was sure to run restive and kick him off: you might as safely have backed Bucephalus, before Alexander had lunged him. Neither did he like to be overfondled; when a certain gentleman out-acted his part in this way, he is said to have demanded of him: "What provokes your risibility, sir? Have I said any thing that you understand?—Then I ask pardon of the rest of the company."—But this is Henderson's anecdote of him, and I will not swear he did not make it himself. The following apology, however, I myself drew from him: when speaking of his tour I observed to him upon some



passages, as rather too sharp upon a country and people who had entertained him so handsomely. "Do you think so, Cumbe?" he replied; "then I give you leave to say, and you may quote me for it, that there are more gentlemen in Scotland than there are shoes."

But I do not relish these sayings, and I am to blame for retailing them; we can no more judge of men by these droppings from their lips, than we can guess at the contents of the river Nile by a pitcher of its water. If we were to estimate the wise men of Greece by Laertius's scraps of their sayings, what a parcel of old women should we account them to have been!

The expanse of matter, which Johnson had found room for in his intellectual storehouse, the correctness with which he had assorted it, and the readiness with which he could turn to any article that he wanted to make present use of, were the properties in him, which I contemplated with the most admiration. Some have called him a savage; they were only so far right in the resemblance, as that, like the savage, he never came into suspicious company without his spear in his hand, and his bow and quiver at his back. In quickness of intellect few ever equalled him, in profundity of erudition many have surpassed him. I do not think he had a pure and classical taste, nor was apt to be best pleased with the best authors, but as a general scholar he ranks very high. When I would have consulted him upon certain points of literature, whilst I was making my collections from the Greek dramatists for my essays in *The Observer*, he candidly acknowledged that his studies had not lain amongst them; and certain it is there is very little show of literature in his *Ramblers*, and in the passage, where he quotes Aristotle, he has not correctly given the meaning of the original. But this was merely the result of haste and inattention; neither is he so to be mea-

sured, for he had so many parts and properties of scholarship about him, that you can only fairly review him as a man of general knowledge. As a poet, his translations of Juvenal gave him a name in the world, and gained him the applause of Pope. He was a writer of tragedy, but his *Irene* gives him no conspicuous rank in that department. As an essayist he merits more consideration; his *Ramblers* are in everybody's hands; about them opinions vary, and I rather believe the style of these essays is not now considered as a good model; this he corrected in his more advanced age, as may be seen in his *Lives of the Poets*, where his diction, though occasionally elaborate and highly metaphorical, is not nearly so inflated and ponderous, as in the *Ramblers*. He was an acute and able critic; the enthusiastic admirers of Milton and the friends of Gray will have something to complain of, but criticism is a task, which no man executes to all men's satisfaction. His selection of a certain passage in the *Mourning Bride* of Congreve, which he extols so rapturously, is certainly a most unfortunate sample; but unless the oversights of a critic are less pardonable than those of other men, we may pass this over, in a work of merit, which abounds in beauties far more prominent than its defects, and much more pleasing to contemplate. In works professedly of fancy he is not very copious; yet in his *Rasselas* we have much to admire, and enough to make us wish for more. It is the work of an illuminated mind, and offers many wise and deep reflections, clothed in beautiful and harmonious diction. We are not indeed familiar with such personages as Johnson has imagined for the characters of his fable, but if we are not exceedingly interested in their story, we are infinitely gratified with their conversation and remarks. In conclusion, Johnson's æra was not wanting in men to be distinguished for their talents, yet, if one was to be selected out as

the first great literary character of the time, I believe all voices would concur in naming him.

—  
*La Tiranna, a Spanish Actress.*

At Madrid there was but one theatre for plays, no opera, and a most unsocial gloomy style of living seemed to characterise the whole body of the nobles and grandees. I was not often tempted to the theatre, which was small, dark, ill-furnished, and ill-attended, yet when the celebrated tragic actress, known by the title of the Tiranna, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the out-cast race of gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to give her. My friend, count Pietra Santa, who had honourable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her at the same time that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country: in consequence of this intimation she sent me word that I should have notice from her, when she wished me to come to the theatre, till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill, for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons; I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in

no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour for her tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of tragedy, for in the course of the plot she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage lying on each side of her, whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description), presented such a high-wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy, *laughing wild amidst severest woe*, as placed her in my judgment at the very summit of her art; in fact I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher, and such was the effect upon the audience, that whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too strong for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermillion round the edges of the lids, her fine arms bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a Sybil, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impressive, that my blood chilled as she approached me not to ask but to claim my applause, demanding of me if I had ever seen any actress, that could be compared with her in



my own, or any other country. "I was determined," she said, "to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason."

The allowances, which the Spanish theatre could afford to make to its performers, were so very moderate, that I should doubt if the whole year's salary of the Tiranna would have more than paid for the magnificent dress in which she then appeared; but this, and all other charges appertaining to her establishment, were defrayed from the coffers of the duke of Osuna, a grandee of the first class, and commander of the Spanish guards. This noble person found it indispensably necessary for his honour to have the finest woman in Spain upon his pension, but by no means necessary to be acquainted with her; and at the very time of which I am now speaking, Pietra Santa seriously assured me, that his excellency had indeed paid large sums to her order, but had never once visited, or even seen her. He told me, at the same time, that he had very lately taken upon himself to remonstrate upon this want of curiosity, and having suggested to his excellency how possible it was for him to order his equipage to the door, and permit him to introduce him to this fair creature, whom he knew only by report, and the bills she had drawn upon his treasurer, the duke graciously consented to my friend's proposal, and actually set out with him for the gallant purpose of taking a cup of chocolate with his hitherto invisible mistress, who had notice given her of the intended visit. The distance from the house of the grandee to the apartments of the gipsey was not great, but the lulling motion of the huge state-coach, and the softness of the velvet cushions, had rocked his excellency into so sound a nap, that when his equipage stopped at the lady's door, there was not one of his retinue bold enough to under-

take the invidious task of troubling his repose. The consequence was, that after a proper time was passed upon the halt for this brave commander to have waked, had nature so ordained it, the coach wheeled round, and his excellency having slept away his curiosity, had not, at the time when I left Madrid, ever cast his eyes upon the incomparable Tiranna. I take for granted my friend Pietra Santa drank the chocolate, and his excellency enjoyed the nap. I will only add, in confirmation of my anecdote, that the good abbe Curtis, who had the honour of having educated this illustrious sleeper, verified the fact.

#### *Sketch of a Journey in Spain.*

Madrid, which may be considered as the capital of Spain, though it is not a city, disappoints you if you expect to find suburbs, or villas, or even gardens when you have passed the gates, being almost as closely environed with a desert as Palmyra is in its present state of ruin. The Spaniards themselves have no great taste for cultivation, and the attachment to the chace, which seems to be the reigning passion of the Spanish sovereigns, conspires with the indolence of the people in suffering every royal residence to be surrounded by a savage and unseemly wilderness. The lands which should contribute to supply the markets, being thus delivered over to waste and barrenness, are considered only as *preserves* for game of various sorts, which includes every thing the gun can slay, and these are as much *res sacra* as the altars or the monks who serve them. This *solitudo ante ostium* did not contribute to support our spirits, neither did the incessant jingling of the mules' bells relieve the tedium of the road to Guadarama.

The next day we passed the mountains of Guadarama by a magnificent causeway, and entered Old Castile. Here the country began to change for the better; the town of



Villa Castin presents a very agreeable spectacle, being new and flourishing, with a handsome house belonging to the marchioness of Torre-Manzanares, who is in part proprietor of the town. This illustrious lady was just now under a temporary cloud for having been party in a frolic with the young and animated duchess of Alva, who had ventured to exhibit her fair person on the public parade in the character of postillion to her own equipage, whilst Torre-Manzanares mounted the box as coachman, and other gallant spirits took their stations behind as footmen, all habited in the splendid blue and silver liveries of the house of Alva. In some countries a whim like this would have passed off with eclat, in many with impunity, but in Spain, under the government of a moral and decorous monarch, it was regarded in so grave a light, that, although the great lady postillion escaped with a reprimand, the lady coachman was sent to her castle at a distance from the capital, and doomed to do penance in solitude and obscurity.

We were now in the country for the Spanish wool, and this place being a considerable mart for that valuable article, is furnished with a very large and commodious shearing-house. We slept at a poor little village called San Chidrian, and being obliged to change our quarters on account of other travellers, who had been before-hand with us, we were fain to put up with the wretched accommodations of a very wretched posada.

The third day's journey presented to us a fine champaign country, abounding in corn and well peopled. Leaving the town of Arebalo, which made a respectable appearance, on our right, we proceeded to Almedo, a very remarkable place, being surrounded with a Moorish wall and towers in very tolerable preservation; Almedo also has a fine convent and a handsome church.

The fourth day's journey still led us through a fair country, rich in corn and wine. The river Adaga runs

through a grove of pines, in a deep channel, very romantic, wandering through a vast tract of vineyards without fences. The weather was serene and fresh, and gave us spirits to enjoy the scenery, which was new and striking. We dined at Valdesillas, a mean little town, and in the evening reached Valladolid, where bigotry may be said to have established its head quarters. The gate of the city, which is of modern construction, consists of three arches of equal span, and that very narrow; the centre of these is elevated with a tribune, and upon that is placed a pedestrian statue of Carlos III. This gate delivers you into a spacious square, surrounded by convents and churches, and passing this, which offers nothing attractive to delay you, you enter the old gate of the city, newly painted in bad fresco, and ornamented with an equestrian statue of the reigning king, with a Latin inscription, very just to his virtues, but very little to the honour of the writer of it. You now find yourself in one of the most gloomy, desolate, and dirty towns, that can be conceived, the great square much resembling that of the Plaza-mayor in Madrid, the houses painted in grotesque fresco, despicably executed, and the whole in miserable condition. I was informed that the convents amount to between thirty and forty. There is both an English and a Scottish college; the former under the government of Dr. Shepherd, a man of very agreeable, cheerful, natural manners: I became acquainted with him at Madrid, through the introduction of my friend doctor Geddes, late principal of the latter college, but since bishop of Manccos, missionary and vicar-general at Aberdeen. I had an introductory letter to the intendant, but my stay was too short to avail myself of it; and I visited no church but the great cathedral of the benedictines, where mass was celebrating, and the altars and whole edifice were arrayed in all their splendour. The fathers were extremely polite, and allowed me to enter the sacristy, where I

saw some valuable old paintings of the early Spanish masters, some of a later date, and a series of benedictine stains, who, if they are not the most rigid, are indisputable the richest order of religious in Spain.

Our next day's journey advanced us only six short leagues, and set us down in the ruinous town of Duenas, which like Olmedo is surrounded by a Moorish fortification, the gate of which is entire. The calasseros, obstinate as their mules, accord to you in nothing, but in admitting indiscriminately a load of baggage, that would almost revolt a waggon, and this is indispensable, as you must carry beds, provisions, cooking vessels, and every article for rest and sustenance, not excepting bread, for in this country an inn means a hovel, in which you may light a fire, if you can defend your right to it, and find a dunghill called a bed, if you can submit to lie down in it.

Our sixth day's stage brought us to the banks of the Douro, which we skirted and kept in sight during the whole day, from Duenas through Torquemara to Villa Rodrigo. The stone bridge at Torquemara is a noble edifice of eight and twenty arches. The windings of this beautiful river and its rocky banks, of which one side is always very steep, are romantic, and present fine shapes of nature, to which nothing is wanting but trees, and they not always. The vale, through which it flows, inclosed within these rocky cliffs, is luxuriant in corn and wine; the soil in general of a fine loam mixed with gravel, and the fallows remarkably clean; they deposit their wine in caves hollowed out of the rocks. In the mean time it is to the bounty of nature rather than to the care and industry of man, that the inhabitant, squalid and loathsome in his person, is beholden for that produce, which invites exertions that he never makes, and points to comforts that he never tastes. In the midst of all these scenes of plenty you encounter human misery in its worst attire, and ruined villages amongst luxuriant vineyards: such a bountiful pro-

vider is God, and so improvident a steward is his vicegerent in this realm.

It should seem that in this valley, on the banks of the fertilizing Douro, would be the proper scite for the capital of Spain; whereas Madrid is seated on a barren soil, beside a meagre stream, which scarce suffices to supply the washer-women, who make their troughs in the shallow current, which only has the appearance of a river when the snow melts upon the mountains, and turns the petty Manzanares, that just trickles though the sand, into a roaring and impetuous torrent. The climate north of the Guadaramas is of a much superior and more salubrious quality, being not so subject to the dangerous extremes of heat and cold, and much oftener refreshed with showers, the great desideratum for which the monks of Madrid so frequently importune their poor helpless saint Isidore, and make him feel their vengeance, whilst for months together the unrelenting clouds will not credit him with a single drop of rain.

Upon our road this day we purchased three lambs at the price of two pisettes (shillings) a-piece, and, little as it was, we hardly could be said to have had value for our money. Our worthy Marchetti, being an excellent engineer, roasted them whole, with surprising expedition and address, in a kitchen and at a fire that would have puzzled all the resources of a French cook, and which no English scullion would have approached in her very worst apparel. A crew of Catalonian carriers at Torquemara disputed our exclusive title to the fire, and with their *arroz a la Valenciana* would soon have ruined our roast, if our gallant provedor had not put aside his capa, and displayed his two epaulets, to which military insignia the sturdy interlopers instantly deferred.

There is excellent morality to be learnt in a journey of this sort. A supper at Villa Rodrigo is a better corrective for fastidiousness and



false delicacy, than all that Seneca and Epictetus can administer ; and if a traveller in Spain will carry justice and fortitude about him, the calasseros will teach him patience, and the posadas will enure him to temperance : having these four cardinal virtues in possession, he has the whole ; all Tully's Offices cannot find a fifth.

On the seventh day of our travel we kept the pleasant Douro still in sight. Surely this river plays his natural sovereign a slippery trick ; rises in Galicia, is nourished and maintained in his course through Spain, and, as soon as he is become mature in depth and size for trade and navigation, deserts, and throws himself into the service of Portugal. This is the case with the Tagus also ; this river affords the catholic king a little angling for small fry at Aranjuez, and at Lisbon becomes a magnificent harbour, to give wealth and splendour to a kingdom. The Oporto wines, that grow upon the banks of the Douro in its renegade course, find a ready and most profitable vent in England, whilst the vineyards of Castile languish from want of a purchaser, and in some years are absolutely cast away, as not paying for the labour of making them into wine.

The city and castle of Burgos are well situated on the banks of the river Relancon. Two fine stone bridges are thrown over that stream, and several plantations of young trees line the roads as you approach it. The country is well watered, and the heights furnish excellent pasture for sheep, being of a light downy soil. The cathedral church of Burgos deserves the notice and admiration of every traveller, and it was with sincere regret I found myself at leisure to devote no more than one hour to an edifice that requires a day to examine it within side and without. It is of that order of gothic which is most profusely ornamented and enriched ; the towers are crowned with spires of pierced stone-work, raised upon arches, and laced all through with open work

like filigree ; the windows and doors are embellished with innumerable figures, admirably carved in stone, and in perfect preservation ; the dome over the nave is superb, and behind the grand altar there is a spacious and beautiful chapel, erected by a duke of Frejas, who lies entombed with his duchess with a stately monument recumbent, with their heads resting upon cushions, in their robes and coronets, well sculptured in most exquisite marble of the purest white. The bas-relievos at the back of the grand altar, representing passages in the life and actions of our Saviour, are wonderful samples of sculpture, and the carrying of the cross, in particular, is expressed with all the delicacy of Raphael's famous Pasma de Sicilia. The stalls of the choir, in brown oak, are finely executed, and exhibit an innumerable groupe of figures, whilst the seats are ludicrously inlaid with grotesque representations of fauns and satyrs, unaccountably contrasted with the sacred history of the carved work that encloses them. The altars, chapels, sacristy, and cloisters are equally to be admired, nor are there wanting some fine paintings, though not profusely bestowed. The priests conducted me through every part of the cathedral with the kindest attention and politeness, though mass was then in high celebration.

When I was on my departure, and my carriages were in waiting, a parcel of British seamen, who had been prisoners of war, most importunately besought me, that I would ask their liberation of the bishop of Burgos, and allow them to make their way out of the country under my protection. This good bishop, in his zeal for making converts, had taken these fellows upon their word into his list of pensioners, as true proselytes, and allowed them to establish themselves in various occupations and callings, which they now professed themselves most heartily disposed to abandon, and doubted not but I should find him as willing to release them, as they



were to be set free. Though I gave little credit to their assertions, I did not refuse to make the experiment, and wrote to the bishop in their behalf, promising to obtain the release of the like number of Spanish prisoners, if he would allow me to take these men away with me. To my great surprise, I instantly received his free consent and permit, under his hand and seal, to dispose of them as I saw fit. This I accordingly did, and, by occasional reliefs upon the braces of my carriages, marched my party of renegadoes entire into Bayonne, where I got leave, upon certain conditions, to embark them on board a neutral ship bound to Lisbon, and consigned them to commodore Johnstone, or the commanding officer for the time being, to be put on board, and exchanged for the like number of Spanish prisoners, which accordingly was done, with the exception of one or two, who turned aside by the way. I have reason to believe the good bishop was thoroughly sick of his converts, and I encountered no opposition from the ladies, whom two or three of them had taken to wife.

We pursued our eighth day's journey over a deep rich soil, with mountains in sight covered with snow, which had fallen two days before. There was now a scene of more wood, and the face of the country much resembled parts of England. We advanced but seven leagues, the river Relancon accompanying us for the last three, where our road was cut out of the side of a steep cliff, very narrow, and so ill defended; that in many places the precipice, considering the mode in which the Spanish Calesseros drive, was seriously alarming. The wild woman of San Andero, who nursed my infant, during this day's journey was at high words with the witches, who twice pulled off her reddecilla, and otherwise annoyed her in a very provoking manner, till we arrived at Breviesca, a tolerable good Spanish town, where they allowed her to repose, and we heard no more of them.

From Breviesca we travelled through a fine picturesque country, of a rich soil, to Pancorvo, at the foot of a steep range of rocky mountains, and passing through a most romantic fissure in the rock, a work of great art and labour, we reached the river Ebro, which forms the boundary of Old Castile. Upon this river stands the town of Miranda, which is approached over a new bridge of seven stone arches, and we lodged ourselves for the night in the posada at the foot of it: a house of the worst reception we had met in Spain, which is giving it as ill a name as I can well bestow upon any house whatever.

A short stage brought us from Breviesca to the town of Vittoria, the capital of Alaba, which is one portion of the delightful province of Biscay. We were now for the first time lodged with some degree of comfort. We showed our passport at the custom-house, and the administrator at the post-office having desired to have immediate notice of our arrival, I requested my friend Marchetti to go to him, and, in the mean time, poor Smith passed a very anxious interval of suspense, fearing that he might be stopped by order of government in this place (a suspicion, I confess, not out of the range of probabilities), but it proved to be only a punctilio of the sub-minister, Campo, who had written to this gentleman to be particular in his attentions to us, inclosing his card, as if in person present to take leave; this mark of politeness on his part produced a present from the administrator of some fine asparagus, and excellent sweetmeats, the produce of the country, with the further favour of a visit from the donor, a gentleman of great good manners, and much respectability.

The marquis Legarda, governor of Vittoria, to whom I had a letter from count D'Yranda, the marquis D'Allamada, and other gentlemen of the place, did us the honour to visit us, and were extremely polite. We were invited by the dominicans to their convent, and saw some ve-

ry exquisite paintings of Ribeira and Murillo. At noon we took our departure for Mondragone, passing through a country of undescrivable beauty. The scale is vast, the heights are lofty without being tremendous; the cultivation is of various sorts, and to be traced in every spot where the hand of industry can reach: a profusion of fruit trees in blossom coloured the landscape with such vivid and luxuriant tints, that we had new charms to admire upon every shift and winding of the road. The people are laborious, and the fields being full of men and women at their work (for here both sexes make common task), nothing could be more animated than the scenery; 'twas not in human nature to present a stronger contrast to the gloomy character and squalid indolence of the Castilians. And what is it which constitutes this marked distinction between such near neighbours, subjects of the same king, and separated from each other only by a narrow stream? It is because the regal power, which in Castile is arbitrary, is limited by local laws in Catalonia, and gives passage for one ray of liberty to visit that happier and more enlightened country.

From Mondragone we went to Villa Franca, where we dined, and finished our twelfth day's journey at Tolosa. The country still presented a succession of the most enchanting scenery, but I was now become insensible to its beauties, being so extremely ill that it was not without much difficulty, so excruciating were my pains, that I reached Tolosa. Here I staid three days, and when I found my fever would not yield to James's powder, I resolved to attempt getting to Bayonne, where I might hope to find medical assistance, and better accommodation.

On the seventeenth day, after suffering tortures from the roughness of the roads, I reached Bayonne, and immediately put myself under the care of doctor Vidal, a huguenot physician. Here I passed three miserable weeks, and though in a state of almost continual delirium throughout the whole of this time, I can yet recollect that under Providence it is only owing to the unwearying care and tender attentions of my ever-watchful wife, assisted by her faithful servant, Mary Samson, that I was kept alive; from her hands I consented to receive sustenance and medicine, and to her alone, in the disorder of my senses, I was uniformly obedient.

It was at this period of time that the aggravating news arrived of my bills being stopped, and my person subjected to arrest. I was not sensible to the extent of my danger, for death hung over me, and threatened to supersede all arrests but of a lifeless corpse: the kind heart, however, of Marchetti had compassion for my disconsolate condition, and he found means to supply me with five hundred pounds, as I have already related. It pleased God to preserve my life, and this seasonable act of friendship preserved my liberty. The early fruits of the season, and the balmy temperature of the air in that delicious climate, aided the exertions of my physician, and I was at length enabled to resume my journey, taking a day's rest in the magnificent town of Bourdeaux, from whence, through Tours, Blois, and Orleans, I proceeded to Paris, which however I entered in a state as yet but doubtfully convalescent, emaciated to a skeleton, the bones of my back and elbows still bare, and staring through my skin.

*To be continued.*



## POETRY.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## MY FATHER.

WHO from each flow'r and verdant  
stalk

Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,  
And fill'd the long, delightful walk?

My father.

Not on an insect would he tread,  
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead,  
Who taught at once my heart and head,

My father.

Who wrote upon that heart the line  
*Paidia* grav'd on Virtue's shrine,  
To make the human face divine?

My father.

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's fame,  
And taught the high, heroic theme  
That nightly flash'd upon my dream?

My father.

Who with Ulysses saw me roam,  
High on the raft, amidst the foam,  
His head still rais'd to look for home?

My father.

What made a barren rock so dear?  
My boy, he had a country there.  
And who then dropt a *prescient* tear?

My father.

Who, now, in pale and placid light  
Of Mem'ry gleams upon my sight,  
Bursting the sepulchre of night?

My father.

O, teach me still thy christian plan,  
For practice with thy precept ran,  
Nor yet desert me, now a man,

My father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice  
With charm of thy angelic voice,  
Still prompt the motive and the choice,

My father.

For yet remains a little space  
'Till I shall meet thee face to face,  
And not, as now, in vain embrace,

My father.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE COLUMBIAD.

*By Cowper.*

CLOSE, by the threshold of a door,  
nail'd fast,  
Three kittens sat. Each kitten look'd  
aghast.

I, passing swift and inattentive by,  
At the three kittens cast a careless eye;  
Not much concern'd to know what they  
did there,

Not deeming kittens worth a poet's  
care.

But presently a loud and furious hiss  
Caus'd me to stop, and to exclaim,  
"What's this?"

When, lo! upon the threshold met  
my view,  
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue,  
A viper, long as count de Grasse's  
queue. }

Forth from his head his forked tongue  
he throws,

Darting it full against a kitten's nose;  
Who having never seen in field or house  
The like, sat still and silent, as a  
mouse.

Only, projecting with attention due  
Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him,  
"Who are you?"

On to the hall went I with pace, not  
slow,

But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch  
hoe;

With which, well arm'd, I hasten'd to  
the spot,

To find the viper. But I found him  
not,

And, turning up the leaves and shrubs  
around,

Found only, that he was not to be  
found.

But still the kittens, sitting as before,  
Sat watching close the bottom of the  
door.

"I hope," said I, "the villain I would  
kill

Has slipt between the door and the  
door's sill;

And if I make dispatch and follow  
hard,



No doubt, but I shall find him in the  
yard :—  
For long ere now it should have been  
rehears'd,  
'Twas in the garden that I found him  
first.  
E'en there I found him. There the full-  
grown cat  
His head with velvet paw did gently  
pat,  
As curious as the kittens erst had been  
To learn what this phenomenon might  
mean.  
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,  
And fearing every moment he would  
bite,  
And rob our household of our only cat  
That was of age to combat with a rat,  
With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at  
the door,  
And taught him *never to come there no  
more.*

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE INVOCATION.

HYGEIA! rosy dimpled maid,  
Come—I claim thy healing aid.  
Bring thy mild enchanting smile,  
Quickly come! our grief beguile:  
Lo! on the bed of fell disease,  
A maiden, form'd all souls to please,  
Is rack'd by vile and vexing pains.  
Oh come! I woo thee in my strains.  
Restore her eyes their brilliant blue,  
Give to her cheek their wonted hue;  
Reanimate her form divine,  
And let her smiles with lustre shine;  
Revive again her cheerful voice,  
And those that mourn shall soon re-  
joice.  
Oh hasten, nymph! and with thee bring  
All those joys that from thee spring.  
So here I linger by this stream,  
Musing o'er hope's delusive dream;  
Here I waste the mournful days,  
While around the soft breeze plays.  
I strive to soothe my troubled mind,  
But, alas! no peace I find.  
Here the maiden oft did stray,  
By the moonlight's pallid ray:  
And we did mark the setting beam,  
Playing on the placid stream.  
Here did I my love disclose,  
And here we sung our mutual woes.

But now no more I love the scene,  
For there no more the maid is seen;  
In vain I seek the well known shade,  
And hopeless wander through the glade.  
Then give us, nymph, thy healing  
power,  
To cheer disease's gloomy hour,  
My boon thou'lt surely not refuse,  
When courted by a youthful muse.  
A votive wreath of flow'rs I bring;  
I strike to thee the plausible string:  
Through ev'ry clime, o'er ev'ry main  
Thy name shall echo in my strain.  
Then come, Hygeia! dimpled maid,  
Come and bring thy healing aid.  
Haste, oh nymph! and with thee bring  
All those joys that from thee spring.

SEDLEY.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

We extract the following lines from a  
weekly print we have just met with.

LINES TO HER WHO MAY UNDER-  
STAND THEM.

HOW light I liv'd, how free from  
care,  
Before I saw the lovely fair;  
No anxious thoughts disturb'd my  
breast,  
And all my mind repos'd at rest.

Jocund pass'd my happy days,  
At ease I sang my sportive lays:  
For love had never fir'd my brain,  
And I had never tasted pain.

But Fate had doom'd a sudden change,  
And stopp'd my gay excursive range;  
No more to riot in wild Fancy's beams,  
She mixt my sleep with Cupid's  
dreams.

Mary she plac'd before my sight,  
Mary, the care of many a sprite;  
Mary, the pride of village maids,  
Whose praises fill the lowly glades.

Now all the night and all the day,  
'Tis she inspires the mournful lay.  
While grace and truth to men are dear,  
And loveliness has nought to fear,  
Mary shall prompt the plausible strain—  
Oh! may I, nymph, not sing in vain.

SEYDOR.